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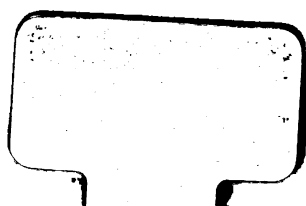
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# BOCCACE

(BOCCACCIO).

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

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FRENCH WORDS BY

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LITERALLY RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY

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MUSIC BY

FRANZ DE SUPPÉ.

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# BOCCACE.

(BOCCACCIO.)

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## *Persons represented :*

JEAN BOCCACE.  
PRINCE ORLANDO.  
PANDOLFO, gardener.  
TROMBOLI, cooper.  
QUIQUIBIO, barber.  
LELIO, friend of Boccace.  
BEPPPO, pedlar.  
The UNKNOWN.  
CECCO, old beggar.  
A CITIZEN.  
BEATRICE, adopted daughter of Pandolfo.  
FRISCA, wife of Tromboli.  
PERONELLE, wife of Pandolfo.  
ZANETTA, wife of Quiquibio.  
GIOTTO.  
FREDERICO.  
TOFANO.  
RAPHAELE.

Students, Citizens, Lords and Ladies of the Court, Maids of Honor, Pages, Valets, &c. &c.

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*The Scene takes place in Florence, about 1340.*

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## ACT I.

THE Theatre represents a public square before the church of Sancta Maria Novella at Florence; to the left, the portal of the church; at the entrance, a font; to the right, the house of the barber Quiquibio, over the door his sign, passable terrace, window on the ground floor, facing the public road. Under this window, a stone bench. All the houses are decorated with flowers, lanterns, hangings and flags in honour of St. John.

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SCENE I.—*Cecco*, several beggars, then *Lelio*, Citizens, then the Students. When the curtain rises the beggars are standing by the church.

## INTRODUCTION.

*Chorus of Beggars.* For Florence be this a joyous day : To-day is the festival of St. John.

*Cecco.* Each one prepare His petition, Each one watch His patron : We must have his money ! (placing the beggars), Thou, act the cripple well, Thou, my child, put on a hypocritical air, And thou, wife, take thy baby, For, I see down below, A crowd of citizens !

*Lélio* (entering with mystery, and looking at the barber's house). Zanetta, I suppose, Should await me in her dwelling, Her husband, charming affair, Is absent from this country ! (taking a key from his pocket) This key, which I make use of, Will open Paradise to me ! (he walks towards Quiquibio's house).

*Chorus.* (Behind the scene) Tra la la la la !

*Lélio.* I must enter quickly, Now is the moment. (He insinuates himself into the house).

*Cecco* (to the Beggars). Run immediately, Attack the patrons ! (Entrance of a crowd of Citizens in Sunday attire and carrying flowers).

*Chorus.* St. John, our dear patron, On this great festival day, May each of us prepare To glorify thy-holy name ! Oila ! Oila ! St. John, our protector, We would do thee honour, Receive with these flowers, The homage of our hearts. Oila, Oila !

*Cecco and the Beggars.* Mercy on us, pity, We die of hunger !

*The Crowd.* When here, everything enchants us, Be there no weeping complaints, For here are coming towards us, Our young and frolicsome students. (Entrance of young students, their hands full of bouquets of roses).

*The Students.* Deuce take the Class, We can dispense with it, This enchanting day ! Our heart gives itself up, To the pleasure That liberty gives. Delightful youthful beauties, Come to us, All these flowers so brilliant Are for you ! Yes, these roses are for you !

SCENE II.—The same, a pedlar pushing before him a small truck full of books.

*The Pedlar.* See, my dears, These new pamphlets ! Buy this one !

*The Crowd.* Here ! here !

*The Pedlar.* The little book-seller Has things to satisfy you. (To the students, showing them a pamphlet.) For you, my boys, Joyous cronies, I have the songs Of the gay troubadours ! Who wishes for the volume of songs ?

*The Crowd.* Let us buy these songs !

*The Pedlar* (to the citizens, showing them a pamphlet.) For the citizens, very sceptical people, I have some political satires ! Who wants my Juvenal ?



*The Crowd.* Let us buy it, it is a fete.

*The Pedlar* (showing another pamphlet). This is the work of a poet, Everyone buys it of me ; It is a new volume, A tale by Boccacio !

*The Women.* That is an amusing story-teller !

*The Men.* It is a rogue, an imposter !

*The Pedlar.* In this book, my author Says that a woman with any heart Ought to have, one year with another, One lover, at the least !

*The Men.* It is a horror !

*The Pedlar.* A horror ! not at all, One only, that is not much !

*The Women and Students.* Bravo ! Boccace is right !

*The Men.* Boccace is a blackguard, A writer without decency, Fear all of our fury !

*The Women.* Thou art threatened, But whatever they do, Oh ! dear Boccace, Be very firm.

*The Students.* There, they are quarrelling, My faith, it is very amusing (The women and their husbands threaten each other and clench their fists. The pedlar runs away with his cart).

*The Men.* Hold your tongues !

*The Women.* Horrid Wolves !

*The Men.* Take care of our blows.

*The Women.* Take care of yourselves !

(Together) *The Men.* Now, hold your tongues, And fear, Conduct yourselves very quietly, Or fear our blows !

*The Women.* Oh, horrid wolves ! Jealous husbands, Be more gentle, Or take care of yourselves.

*The Students.* No more anger, And no blows, Like good husbands and wives, Embrace ! Now then, make peace, and no disputes, Embrace and no more strife.

*The Pedlar* (from without). See, my dears, The new pamphlets.

(Together.) *The Men.* Let us attack the pedlar, And burn the works of the tale-teller.

*The Women.* Let the pedlar alone, and the work of the gay tale-teller.

*The Students.* Let the pedlar alone And the work of the gay tale-teller. (All go out. Cecco remains last and is going to follow the others, when Pandolfo and Tromboli enter).

### SCENE III.—*Cecco, Pandolfo, Tromboli.*

*Pandolfo.* What an uproar ! what a tumult !

*Cecco* (crying). To the water ! to the water !

*Pandolfo* (to *Cecco*). What, to the water, What is it then ?

*Cecco.* It is a pedlar who has the audacity to sell in the public street works of Boccace.

*Pandolfo and Tromboli.* Of Boccace?

*Cecco.* And the husbands of the town owe him a grudge . . . I must go and see how he will get out of it. (He goes out.)

SCENE IV.—*Pandolfo, Tromboli, then Quiquibio.*

*Pandolfo.* Very well! The husbands are right! If they throw this pedlar with all his merchandise into the water it will be a good thing! (To Tromboli.) Is it not true, comrade Tromboli?

*Tromboli.* I am quite of your opinion, comrade Pandolfo: this Boccace is a rogue . . .

*Pandolfo.* And when one thinks that he has all the women on his side!

*Tromboli.* Zounds! it is very bad . . . he laughs at us, the husbands.

*Pandolfo.* Upon my life, comrade Tromboli, as true as my name is Pandolfo, and I am gardener by trade, if I had him in my hands I would wring his neck like a fowl.

*Tromboli.* And I, comrade Pandolfo, as true as my name is Tromboli, and I am cooper by trade, I swear that I would help you in this work.

*Pandolfo.* And he would only have what he deserves. Talking of this Boccace, you know what they say?

*Tromboli.* What they say?

*Pandolfo.* They maintain that he has left Rome for a week past, and that he is here, at Florence.

*Tromboli.* Here, not possible? Within our walls?

*Pandolfo.* My God, yes . . . and it appears that he has already signalized his presence by his usual pranks. They speak on all sides of women seduced, husbands deceived, nocturnal adventures . . .

*Tromboli.* Ah! the scoundrel! They will not rid us, then, of this rascal! (He flourishes his stick with fury.) (Quiquibio, entering by the back, in travelling costume, a portmanteau in one hand, an umbrella in the other, receives the blow from Tromboli's cane.) Aie! Ah! how stupid!

*Pandolfo.* Our comrade Quiquibio!

*Tromboli.* The most illustrious barber in Florence! A thousand pardons, my comrade, I did not know you were there. Whence do you come then thus?

*Quiquibio.* From a little journey into Sicily . . . money matters . . . and I am not sorry to be back again. (Pointing to the house on the right.) I have left alone at home my chaste and loving wife, (Sending a kiss to the right.) my charming Zanetta. (To the two men.) She does not expect me for some days, so I shall surprise her very agreeably.

*Tromboli.* I believe it!

*Pandolfo.* But how is it that you are returning earlier?

*Quiquibio* (with pride, drawing himself up). Ah! my friends, a great honor of which I have been the recipient. Instead of taking the coach, like ordinary mortals, I have been admitted to join the suite of the Prince of Palermo, and I have travelled . . .

*Tromboli* (surprised.) In his carriage?

*Quiquibio.* No, in the luggage van.

*Pandolfo.* What does he want at Florence, the Prince of Palermo?

*Quiquibio* (mysteriously). I will whisper it to you . . . he comes to take a wife.

*Tromboli and Pandolfo.* Bah!

*Quiquibio.* Hush! (softly.) There is a question if he will marry the daughter of our grand duke.

*Pandolfo.* What stuff are you telling us? *Quiquibio!* . . . are you going crazy? You know quite well that the grand duke has no children.

*Quiquibio.* Ostensibly, yes, but I tell you in confidence, it appears that our grand duke . . . you will be discreet, will you not? It appears that our grand duke has sown his wild oats in his time . . . so . . .

*Pandolfo.* I see! A natural daughter?

*Quiquibio.* Precisely, and that till now he has not been able to acknowledge her, because there was an obstacle, a husband . . . who has just disappeared, in short, well, an adventure à la Boccace.

*Pandolfo.* Boccace! Well, we were speaking of him, just now, he is in Florence . . .

*Quiquibio.* The little demon! Now then, husbands, take care! We shall see some fine . . . as for me, I am quite tranquil.

*Tromboli.* I also.

*Pandolfo.* And I too . . . My dear wife, my good Péronelle has eyes for me alone.

*Tromboli.* My little Fresca, my little pretty girl, loves me to adoration.

*Pandolfo.* That is why she corrects you so well then. They say, comrade that you like to bend your elbow, and that when you return a little fuddled Madame administers to you some good blows with sticks . . .

*Tromboli* (cries.) That is not true! I am master at home.

*Quiquibio.* Yes, yes, calm yourself . . . we are masters, and our wives are faithful to us . . . For my part, I fear absolutely nothing. My adorable Zanetta is a dragon of virtue. (Sending a kiss to the right.) Dear beauty, tender love! (Turning towards the house.) She is there, sad and solitary, she is thinking of me, she waits for me, she longs for me . . .

(Pointing to the closed door.) Ah! see! see! she has shut and bolted herself in. When I am not there, she wishes to see no one . . . dear treasure! I will call her . . . No, I have a more poetical, more aerial idea . . . I will sing her a little serenade.

*Pandolfo.* You are going to sing . . . (To Tromboli.)  
Let us go . . .

*Quiquibio* (stopping them.) Not at all, you will accompany me. Three voices are better than one.

*Pandolfo.* If that can please you.

*Quiquibio.* Let us begin.

Serenade.

I.

*Quiquibio.* O my wife, My dear love, Dost thou hear my voice that entreats thee?

*Tromboli.* Come directly, Descend quickly. To appear thy husband invites thee.

*Pandolfo.* He is there. Here he is.

*All three.* Firuliruli! . . . Firuliruli! To the singer  
Full of ardour Come and open thy door and thy heart.

*Lelio* (at the window of the ground floor). The husband!  
The devil!

*Boccace* (also at the window of the ground floor). The husband. Cursed!

II.

*Quiquibio.* He sighs, Thy good sire, He aspires to the pleasure of seeing thee.

*Tromboli.* Tender hind, Thy poodle dog Will not be niggardly of sweet kisses.

*Pandolfo.* He is there. Here he is.

*All three.* Firuliruli! . . . Firuliruli! To the singer  
Full of ardour Come and open thy door and thy heart.

*Zanetta* (appearing on the fore-ground). Still there! What shall I do? Oh, I have found out! (She disappears.)

*Tromboli.* I hear a noise.

*Pandolfo.* She will open to us.

*Tromboli and Pandolfo.* Farewell, comrade, be happy! (They go out. Cries of a woman are heard in the house.)

*Quiquibio* (uneasily). It sounds like cries.

*Zanetta* (without). Help! Succour!

*Quiquibio* (uneasily). Succour! It is Zanetta's voice . . .  
ah, my God! What is happening to her?

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SCENE V.—*Quiquibio, Zanetta, then Boccace and Lelio.* (Zanetta comes out of the house pale and dishevelled).

*Zanetta* (crying). Help, come to me, come to me!

*Quiquibio* (advancing). What is the matter, then?

*Zanetta* (throwing herself in his arms). Ah, *Quiquibio*, It is thou ! Blest be God who brought thee back. If thou knewest . . .

*Quiquibio*. What ?

*Zanetta*. What a frightful adventure.

*Quiquibio*. Frightful ! Thou makest me tremble.

*Zanetta*. And with reason . . . (aside) Provided thou takest it in. Bah, he is so silly. (Aloud) Imagine, my dear, that I was very quietly at home, when all at once a young man, pale, dishevelled, trembling, rushed into my room and cried to me : "Save me, save me." I hid him in a press, out of compassion . . .

*Quiquibio*. All right.

*Zanetta* (seizing his hand). Suddenly—ah, it is terrible !

*Quiquibio*. Terrible, Thou makest me tremble afresh . . .

*Zanetta*. And with reason . . . (aside) He takes it in. (Aloud) Suddenly, another man appeared . . .

*Quiquibio*. Another. A number two ! (*Lelio* and *Boccace* show themselves at the window on the ground floor).

*Zanetta*. On his face was painted the fury of an outraged husband, and he cried, brandishing his sword : "Deliver the coward up to me. Deliver up to me the seducer of my wife who is hidden here, I wish to kill him." Terrified, I fled calling for help, and I found thee at the door. (Falling on his neck.) Ah, my darling, thou dost arrive at a suitable time.

*Lelio* (softly to *Boccace*). Well acted.

*Boccace*. Bravo, the beauty ! And we, we must act our parts. (They disappear.)

*Quiquibio* (to *Zanetta*). Fear nothing, my chicken, thou art under the wing of thy husband.

*Boccace* (from without). Wait, wait, till I exterminate you !

*Lelio* (from without). Take off thy mask, bandit. (*Boccace* and *Lelio*, both masked, come out of the house of *Quiquibio*, sword in hand.)

*Quiquibio* (trembling). Ah, what an uproar and what an infernal noise !

*Lelio* (fighting against *Boccace*). I will kill my rival !

*Boccace* (similarly). Ah, I will cleave thee asunder !

*Lelio and Boccace*. Scoundrel ! I will kill thee !

*Quiquibio*. Oh, Heaven, they will kill each other ! I feel myself shuddering with fright.

*Zanetta* (aside, laughing). They look as if they were going to pommel each other.

*Quiquibio*. Let us try to disarm them. (He interposes).

*Boccace* (turning against him). By Heaven, take care, Or I will run thee through.

*Quiquibio* (crying). Oh, there now.

*Lelio* (turning against him). Take care of thyself.

*Quiquibio* (crying). Have pity on me.

*Boccace* (striking him). Wilt thou not run away from here !

*Lelio* (id.). Or I will run thee through without mercy.  
*Quiquibio* (to *Zanetta*). Let us fly, Let us go quickly! This is the moment.

*Zanetta* (to *Quiquibio*). Come, my lamb!

*Boccace*. Let us strike this rascal. (Striking him.) See!

*Quiquibio*. Oh!

*Lelio* (striking him). Mori!

*Quiquibio*. Crepa! (The students flock in and, seeing this scene, they burst out laughing, and, in joke, draw their swords from the scabbard, and begin to fight; the crowd attracted by the noise fill the theatre.)

*The Students*. How beautiful this spectacle is! Bravo, bravo, They are ridiculing a fool, Pierce him through the skin. Bravo, bravo. Yes, it is a jealous old man, Who receives all the blows.

*Zanetta*. Well, bravo, The spectacle is very fine, It is he, poor jealous man, Who receives all the blows.

*Boccace and Lelio*. Take care of thyself, rascal, If thou fliest not soon, Thou wilt, poor jealous man, Receive all the blows.

*Quiquibio*. How to save my skin, Ah, let us fly as speedily as possible. I fear their anger, And receive all the blows.

General Ensemble (all together).

*Zanetta, Boccace, Lelio, The Students*. In our hands the steel glistens, It is in vain he shouts himself hoarse. Poor barber, They let thee cry. Ah, the fine scene, I laugh at his pain. He is confounded, Broken down, exhausted, And is content to be beaten.

*Quiquibio*. In their hands the steel glistens, But in vain I shout myself hoarse. Poor barber, They let thee cry. Ah, the sad scene, They laugh at my pain. I am confounded, Broken down, exhausted, And not content to be beaten.

*The Crowd*. In their hands the steel glistens, It is in vain that he shouts himself hoarse. Poor barber, They let thee cry. Ah, the fine scene, We laugh at his pain. He is confounded, Broken down, exhausted, And not content to be beaten!

(During the repetition of the Ensemble, *Quiquibio* and *Zanetta* have reached the door of their dwelling and have entered their house. The people and the citizens go away.)

SCENE VI.—*Boccace, Lelio, the Students*. As soon as they are alone with the students, *Boccace* and *Lelio* take off their masks and burst out laughing.

*Boccace and Lelio* (laughing.) Ah! ah! ah! ah!

*The Students* (surprised.) *Boccace! Lelio!*

*A Student*. What! two intimate friends.

*Another Student*. You were rivals then.

*Boccace*. Not at all.

*A Student.* I do not understand.

*Another Student.* Explain yourself.

*Boccace.* Nothing could be more simple! Imagine, my friends, that I am lover of an adorable young girl . . . (Pointing to Quiquibio's house.) I fancy I see her enter this house . . . I imagine I recognize her mantle and her head-dress . . . I say to myself: a little audacity! and finding the window half open, I enter the house . . . I find there, assuredly, a charming woman, but it is not my beautiful unknown, it is the wife of the barber . . . I was going to confound myself in excuses . . . when my friend Lelio introduces himself in the house in his turn . . . but he, by the door, of which he had the key.

*The Students* (laughing.) Ah! ah! ah! ah! That's understood.

*Boccace.* He took me at first for his rival, he overwhelmed me with abuse.

*Lelio.* That was very natural.

*Boccace.* But we explained ourselves . . . after which I prepared to leave the happy Lelio with his love, when, unfortunately, the husband returned. The Devil! we were caught! taken as if in a mouse-trap. We did not know what to do . . . I sought in vain for some cunning means to get out of the scrape, and I found none. Fortunately, women have more wit than we, and the amiable Zanetta invented a fable that has saved us all . . . so that the good husband only smelt gunpowder and has been deceived, beaten and content . . . By my faith, I will make a tale of it that will not be the least amusing of my new collection!

*Lelio.* All's well that ends well, friend Boccace, but repeat to us a little of what thou has said just now . . . Thou art in love?

*Boccace.* Like a fool . . . and this time seriously.

*Lelio and the Students* (laughing.) Seriously . . . Ah, ah, ah! Boccace seriously in love, . . . What a good joke .

*Boccace* (in a grave tone.) No, my friends, it is not a joke . . . I have had many love affairs in my life, caprices of a day, a week, sometimes a month, but this time, I feel it is love . . . deep love, true love.

*Lelio.* The Devil, truly thou seemest to me to be caught, and thy case seems serious. (Shaking his head.) My poor friend.

*Boccace.* I don't want thy pity . . . I am very happy . . . Ah! didst thou but know how beautiful she is!

*Lelio.* Hast thou spoken to her?

*Boccace.* Not yet.

*Lelio.* But then, where hast thou seen her?

*Boccace.* At her window. She sang a florentine song;

moved, transported by this divine voice, I took my mandolin and was going to repeat with her the refrain of the song when a duenna appeared who made her enter quickly.

*Lelio.* Aie, aie, aie ! a duenna, her mother, doubtless ?

*Boccace.* No.

*Lelio.* Her Aunt ?

*Boccace.* No . . . I have gained intelligence, and this is what I have learnt. This young girl has been confided as quite a child to Pandolfo, the gardener, and to his wife Peronelle . . . they have brought her up with the greatest care, for every month they receive a plentiful sum that an unknown person remits to them.

*Lelio.* But it is a romance.

*Boccace.* As thou sayest . . .

*Lelio.* Then, it is not known whose daughter she is, this comely young lady ?

*Boccace.* It is entirely unknown . . . but what matters it to me ! I love her.

*Lelio.* And what dost thou reckon on doing ?

*Boccace.* To day there is a great festival in Florence, in an hour all the town will repair to the church, she will go there. And it will be the devil, if in the midst of the crowd I cannot manage to slip in some words to her.

SCENE VII.—The same. *The Prince Orlando.* The Prince Orlando appears at the back, he is in very simple costume, he appears looking to find his whereabouts.

*Orlando* (at the back). 'The second street to the right, the fourth to the left, the square is at the end . . . (facing the public road). Eh ! yes, there is the square . . . (He advances.)

*Boccace* (looking at him and pointing him out to his friends). Ah ! the fine head, see, gentlemen.

*Lelio.* Splendid, a stupid air.

*Orlando* (advancing and preceiving the entrance of the church). And there is the church of Sancta Maria Novella . . . Very fine style. Decidedly Florence is not a bad place. (Seeing Boccace and the students who salute him). Some young people . . . They are very polite . . . (Saluting them). Gentlemen, I have the honor . . .

*Boccace* (aside). Eh ! but I recognize this form . . . (aloud). I see that the gentleman is a stranger ?

*Orlando.* A stranger, yes, sir, I arrive from Palermo.

*Lelio.* Ah ! you are a Sicilian ?

*Orlando.* From head to foot . . .

*Boccace.* Noble doubtless ? One sees it in your face.



*Orlando* (aside). My nobility appears in spite of myself.  
(Aloud). No, my name is simply Polycarpo Chiavamontesi.

*Boccace*. Polycarpo, a delicious name.

*Orlando*. And I am a modest student . . .

*Lelio*. As we are . . . By God, comrade, your hand?

*Orlando* (shaking hands). Now then, willingly, enchanted to make the acquaintance of the charming fellows . . . (He gives his hand to Boccace.)

*Boccace* (hesitating to place his in it). It is really too much honor, your highness.

*Orlando* (aside). I am recognized.

*Lelio and the Students* (much surprised). Highness! What does he say?

*Boccace*. Gentlemen, I introduce to you the Prince of Palermo . . .

*Orlando*. Hush, hush, you must not say it. I am *incognito* at Florence . . . but how do you know it? . . .

*Boccace*. I have seen your portrait at Rome . . . and the distinction of your face is such . . .

*Orlando*. It is true, I am moulded with distinction . . . I have all the difficulty in the world to hide my native nobility, but I beg of you, my new and dear friends, do not whisper a word of it, . . . it is the question of my marriage, and you understand, before tying myself down for life, I wish to profit a little by my bachelor life. I desire to thrust myself into some little frolicsome adventures, and I confess to you that that desire came to me after having read the works of the first Italian poet.

*Boccace*. Of Petrarch?

*Orlando*. Petrarch, nonsense! Boccace, king of writers, My favourite author, whom I read without ceasing, whom I admire, whom I envy! Ah, what fire in his stories, what spirit, what droll animation. Gentlemen, I proclaim aloud, that if I were not Prince of Palermo, I should wish to be Boccace.

*Boccace*. Zounds, it is then quite an adoration.

*Orlando*. An adoration, yes, my dear friend, and a model for me. I have the ambition also to be a novelist.

*Boccace*. Ah, bah!

*Orlando*. I wish to walk in the steps of the master . . . Write, compose, versify.

*Boccace*. Well, well, but have you the requisite qualities?

*Orlando*. I have a little wit and much money . . .

*Boccace*. Perhaps the contrary would do better.

*Orlando*. Ah, if Boccace himself would be my teacher . . . If I had the chance of meeting him . . .

*Boccace* (laughing). Forsooth, dear Prince, you are more fortunate than you imagine. One confidence for another, you see before you that Boccace whom you so much admire.

*Orlando* (bewildered). You!

*Boccace.* Myself.

*Lelio* (to Orlando). If you wish for guarantee, we can all give it.

*Orlando* (animatedly). No, no. (In contemplation before Boccace). Himself. It is he. It is Boccace! It is the great Boccace! and he is quite small. . . . Ah, Boccace, I beg you, take me for your pupil, and initiate me in your Art.

*Boccace.* My art, but it is nature itself, and subjects do not fail me . . . . I have only to look around me and observe.

### Couplets.

I.—On this side I see a handsome bachelor, With fine moustache, and roguish nose, His look brightens, he has just seen A beautiful black eye! It is a wife on the arm of her husband! The beautiful woman has an amiable and sweet smile, The gentleman looks very foolish and is a corpulent Old grey-beard! Near them our cavalier passes, And the lover with the black eyes, Quickly gives him, in a low voice A meeting place for the evening. It is thus, my friends, That in every country, Husbands are deceived. Love, it is the sun, It is the rosy horizon! It is a pretty romance That one ever reads once again. In my joyous tales, sometimes unmusical, Without staying one day, I would sing of love! My writings Are veracious recitals, To tell the readers what I see Will always be my rule.

II.—Rosina has an old simpleton for a husband, Who compels her to remain at home Where railings and bolts are used By his jealousy. And to watch her day and night, He installs also at home out of prudence A clumsy servant with a grumbling And modest manner! This faithful servant is a young lover Who does with the beautiful woman The office of the good old man! It is thus, my friends, that in all countries, The husbands are deceived! Love, it is the sun, It is the rosy horizon! It is a pretty romance That one ever reads again! In my joyous tales, Sometimes unmusical, Without staying one day, I would sing of love! My writings Are veracious recitals To tell the reader what I see Will always be my rule.

*Orlando.* Very well, bravo. I will profit by the lesson. I will rack my brain.

*Boccace.* It would be useless. I relate quite simply . . . for to relate adventures thrillingly, one must have seen them.

*Orlando.* Then, all these good tricks, all these stories . . . so thoughtless?

*Boccace.* Have happened to myself. . . . It is my principle to speak only of what I have seen and experienced.

*Orlando.* Excellent principle! very good method. I ask more and more to follow in your steps . . . . I wish to have adventures . . . . I wish for them at once . . . . Where is there an adventure that I can rush into?

*Lelio* (laughing). It is a run-away horse . . . .

*Orlando.* I hasten to get up a gallant intrigue with a pretty Florentine . . . . she shall be the heroine of my first tale.

*Boccace.* Very well, my pupil.

*Orlando.* But where shall I find her?

*Boccace.* Oh, you will only have a puzzle to select her (Bells

and music in the orchestra). Here are the bells ringing. They are going to church: Look well, and cast your choice on the one who pleases you best.

*Orlando.* I am all eyes . . .

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SCENE VIII.—*Boccace, Orlando, Lelio, Students, Tromboli and Frisca, Quiquibio and Zanetta, Citizens, Cecco, the Beggars, then Pandolfo, Beatrice and Peronelle.* The bells ring a full peal. The beggars hasten to station themselves about the church. The citizens cross the theatre and enter the church.

*Lelio* (to Orlando, pointing out a woman to him). What do you say to her?

*Orlando* (leering at her). Too big.

*Boccace.* And that one? (Pointing out another.)

*Orlando.* Too small.

*Lelio* (same play). Look here!

*Orlando.* Too fat.

*Boccace* (same play). Look this way.

*Orlando.* Too thin. (Tromboli passes with Frisca, Orlando, astonished, remains standing.) Oh, this one, how pretty she is! Who is she?

*Lelio.* It is Frisca the wife of that great cooper whose arm she takes.

*Orlando.* The wife of a cooper, that will do for my affair. (Frisca lets her bouquet fall, hast'ning to pick it up.) Her bouquet, what an opportunity to make myself remarked by her . . .

*Frisca* (leaving the arm of Tromboli). Wait, I have let something fall . . .

*Orlando* (approaching, the bouquet in his hand and his head bare). Your bouquet, Madame . . . permit me to restore these flowers, less fresh than their gracious owner.

*Frisca* (aside). This young man is nice. (Aloud.) Thank you, sir.

*Orlando* (enchanted, to Lelio). I have made an effect.

*Tromboli* (to his wife). Well, shall we go in?

*Frisca* (taking his arm again). Here I am, my dear, here I am. (Before disappearing she turns her head towards Orlando.) He is very nice.

*Orlando.* She enters the church. A smile! . . . She threw a smile on me . . . I am affected from head to foot.

*Boccace.* Follow her.

*Orlando.* Yes, I follow her. (Entering the church.) I am off. (Quiquibio passes with Zanetta.)

*Lelio* (low in her ear). My adored one (she passes without looking at him.) What, nothing . . . not a word. (At a moment when Quiquibio is not looking, she extends her hand on which he impresses a kiss.) O, angel! (*Pandolfo* enters with *Péronelle* and *Beatrice*.)

*Boccace* (perceiving *Beatrice*). There she is.

*Pandolfo* (to *Péronelle*). Here you are by the church, I leave you, for I have business at home. My dear *Péronelle*, watch well over *Beatrice*.

*Peronelle*. Be tranquil, my husband, I know my duties.

*Pandolfo*. I know it, my sweet friend, and I rest on you. For my part, my kitchen garden claims me, my melons want water . . . the melons above all . . . I hasten to water them. (He goes out).

*Boccace*. The good man goes, but the duenna remains. (To *Lélio* and the Students). Leave me, go away. (*Lélio* and the Students go away, *Boccace* hides behind a column at the entrance of the church).

SCENE IX.—*Beatrice, Peronelle, Boccace*, (hidden).

Duetтино.

*Beatrice*. Hear the sound of the bells, Listen to their gay carillon. Let us go to the church, It is a very sweet duty! For we have for aim To do ourselves good!

*Peronelle*. Hear the sound of the bells, Listen to their gay carillon. Let us go to the church, I wish there to pray for my husband! My aim has always been To do myself good!

*Peronelle*. Everyone prays to-day.

*Beatrice* (aside). Ah! in spite of myself I am thinking of him.

*Peronelle*. Let us pray then, it is our duty.

*Beatrice* (aside). I seem always to see him.

*Peronelle*. Yes, all sin is remitted, When we pray to St. John.

*Beatrice* (aside). Why! shall I then, in church Think of him, even when praying.

*Together*. Let us both pray To our blessed patron.

*Peronelle* (to *Beatrice*). Well, well, my dear, get rid of that sad air.

*Boccace* (aside). Always the duenna.

*Peronelle*. Eh! my God, must one be sad because your father . . . unknown . . . has informed us that he has the intention of giving you in marriage soon.

*Boccace* (aside). Give her in marriage.

*Beatrice* (throwing herself in *Péronelle*'s arms). My dear *Péronelle*, I would rather remain a maiden and not leave you.

*Peronelle*. Remain a maiden, you think of that. And besides,

you must obey your parents . . . I believe they have a high position, and it is probable that you are destined to a rich lord.

*Beatrice.* What matter, I do not know him, I cannot love him.

*Boccace* (aside). Dear child.

*Peronelle.* Love will come after marriage.

*Beatrice.* Or never ! Love is a feeling that cannot be commanded, and that in spite of ourselves encompasses all our being.

*Péronelle* (forgetting herself). Perfectly, that encompasses . . . (recollecting herself). Hum ! What does she make me say ? Ah ! so, young lady, where did you get such ideas ?

*Beatrice.* Why ! in the old song with which you rocked me as a baby to sleep.

*Péronelle.* Me . . . then it is I . . .

*Boccace* (aside). Ah ! well.

*Beatrice.* Yes, do you remember, you said . . .

#### Old Song.

I.—At first the heart slumbers, But when at fifteen years,  
The heart beats and awakens That is its gay spring time. Then  
all that it thinks Cannot be defined, And in its ignorance To love,  
to love, that is its only desire ! Love is hope, Love is the future.

II.—To love, to love is to live, And under a warm ray, The  
flower even is intoxicated At the kisses of the butterfly. No, no,  
no more suffering, The Heaven opens, When are in sight Two  
loving souls that wish to unite ! Love is hope, Love is the future.

*Péronelle* (sighing). Oh ! yes, love, there is nothing but that . . . unfortunately, one must not reckon on the husbands . . . so this good Pandolfo, my lawful husband, is the poorest sire . . . (aside, stopping hastily). If I continue, I shall say some foolish things. (Quickly). Come, my dear, let us go into church, service has begun.

*Boccace* (coming from behind the column). If I could speak to her. (He advances).

*Beatrice* (aside). It is he.

*Boccace* (advancing). Signora, I . . .

*Péronelle* (making Beatrice pass to her left). What is it ? go on your way.

*Boccace* (aside). Cerberus ! (aloud) I wished only . . .

*Péronelle.* To the point . . . what do you want ?

*Boccace* (going to the front). To offer you some holy water.

*Péronelle.* Very well (taking away Beatrice). Let us go in, let us go in. (They enter the church after taking the holy water that Boccace offers them.)

*Boccace* (repeating the air of the song). No, no, no suffering more  
The Heaven opens, When are in sight Two loving souls that  
wish to unite ! Love is hope, Love is the future.

SCENE X.—*Boccace*, then *Lélio*.

*Boccace*. And so heavenly a creature should belong to another . . . Never ! . . . But I must at all costs find a means to converse with her alone.

*Lélio* (entering). Well, hast thou spoken to her ?

*Boccace*. Ah, well, yes, impossible, this Péronelle, this dragon who is always there. (Looking at Lélio). Ah, what an idea !

*Lélio*. What ?

*Boccace*. Thou art my friend, art thou not ?

*Lélio*. Thou knowest it well.

*Boccace*. Well, thou can'st render me an immense service.

*Lélio*. Speak !

*Boccace*. Thou must become Péronelle's lover . . .

*Lélio* (recoiling, frightened). The dragon's ?

*Boccace*. Yes, she wants only that, for the rest . . .

*Lélio*. I believe it.

*Boccace*. Occupied with her love affairs with thee, she will not trouble about mine . . . it is perfect !

*Lélio*. Perfect, as far as thou goest . . . No, listen, ask for my blood, ask for my life, but ask me not to make love to this matron.

*Boccace*. Lélio, I beg of thee, I pray thee . . .

*Lélio*. It is that it is of a difficult . . .

*Boccace*. If thou dost refuse me, I will not answer for my despair.

*Lélio* (animatedly). Hold thy tongue, I accept

*Boccace* (with effusion). Ah, my brave friend . . .

*Lélio*. Oh, yes, thou canst call me brave, for I shall need courage.

*Boccace*. Thou wilt begin by writing to her a very ardent letter.

*Lélio* (drawing out his tablets). Yes, (stopping a moment to write). It is strange how inspiration fails me.

*Boccace* (taking his tablets). Stay, give it to me, and thou wilt see . . . (writing) "Dear angel" . . .

*Lélio* (scandalized). Oh, my friend.

*Boccace*. "A man who burns for you with all the fires of a terrible passion."

*Lélio*. Oh, yes, terrible !

*Boccace*. "Awaits you in the square, panting and feverish !"

*Lélio*. It is certain that I should have fever.

*Boccace*. There . . . we must place the note in her hands . . . by whom ? (Seeing Cecco on the steps of the church.) Ah, this old beggar . . . (Calling him.) Come here . . . (Cecco approaches.) Thou knowest dame Péronelle ?

*Cecco*. Perfectly.

*Boccace.* Canst thou undertake to give her this little scrap of paper?

*Cecco.* Very willingly.

*Boccace.* Secretly.

*Cecco.* Do not fear, I know it, I am used to those sort of things . . . (He enters the church.)

*Boccace* (to Lelio). It's carried off . . . That's it.

*Lelio* (heaving a profound sigh). Alas!

*Boccace.* But do not heave sighs like that . . . she is a very well preserved woman . . . Ah, I think that inadvertently, I have signed the note with my name.

*Lelio* (with animation). So much the better. I prefer that . . .

SCENE XI.—The same (Prince Orlando coming hastily out of church).

*Orlando* (running to Boccace). Ah, Boccace! Ah, my friend, I am in a joyful state . . .

*Boccace.* It goes on?

*Orlando.* In a triple quick galop . . . but also, I have been mischievous, mischievous as a monkey.

*Boccace.* That does not astonish me.

*Orlando.* I glided quite quietly behind her chair.

*Boccace.* Well!

*Orlando.* And appearing to repeat my prayers in a low voice, I mumbled to her lots of things that she perfectly understood . . . how beautiful she was, how I adored her, and patati and patata . . . all the ordinary litany.

*Boccace.* Well. And what did she answer?

*Orlando.* That she was married, that her husband was there, near her, that she would not listen to me, that she wished to remain faithful to her duties, and patati and patata.

*Boccace* (laughing). All the ordinary litany . . . but then, my poor friend?

*Orlando.* Nonsense. She looked at me . . . I had met her eye . . . and the proof is that she went out with her husband—they were wanted in the vestry, I do not know what for—and she took great care to forget her prayer-book. (Showing it.) Here it is, with her address on the first page . . . that means to say: Bring it back to me, you will be welcome.

*Lelio.* A veritable tryst!

*Boccace.* Very clever, on my faith . . . I shall put that in one of my stories (to Orlando). And then?

*Orlando.* And then I ran there . . . I watched for the moment when the husband went out, and I went in to my love.

*Boccace.* Well, well, this is a pupil that will do me credit.

*Orlando.* I hope so, bless my heart. And to do you more credit still, I wish to follow up this adventure in your own name.

*Boccace.* But . . .

*Orlando.* Oh! do not fear, I will cover it with glory! farewell, my friends. (In going out)—I am quite smitten. (He goes out at the back.)

*Lelio.* Farewell and good luck!

*Boccace* (to *Lelio*). By Jove! Things advance marvellously, his affairs are in a good way, let us hope that mine will go equally as we wish, and that *Péronelle* will not be cruel to thee.

*Lelio* (shuddering). Wilt thou be quiet. Thou makest my flesh creep.

*Boccace.* And justly, here is *Cecco* returning. (To *Cecco* coming out of church.) Well?

*Cecco.* I delivered the note . . . At once, the lady began to fidget on her chair, and she murmured: I will go! . . .

*Lelio.* Heav'n.

*Boccace.* Bravo, she will come, and whilst thou dost overwhelm her with thy eloquence and attract her away, I can, for my part, at last speak to *Beatrice*.

*Lelio.* How, here; in this square?

*Boccace.* What matter . . . I have no choice

*Lelio.* But if thou art recognized, if anyone sees thee, thou wilt compromise horribly this young girl.

*Boccace.* That is true! (Looking at *Cecco* and making an exclamation.) Ah, another idea.

*Lelio.* Thou art full of them . . .

*Boccace.* It is my trade . . . (To *Cecco*.) Listen, here are five ducats, give me thy mantle and take mine. (They make the exchange.) Thou dost not lose by it . . . Thy hat now . . . (He takes his hat and places his on his head, arranging his hair.) There . . . a complete change . . . (Acting the old man.) I believe that now I cannot compromise anyone . . . (Seeing *Péronelle* appear on the steps of the church.) Here is the duenna. (To *Cecco*.) Thou go away! (*Cecco* goes away.)

## SCENE XII.—*Boccace, Lelio, Peronelle.*

*Peronelle* (coming down the steps). He should be here . . .

*Boccace* (pushing *Lelio*). But go then . . . Thou seest plainly that she is looking for thee.

*Lelio* (aside). The devil take thee! (to *Péronelle*.) Madame,

*Péronelle* (aside). Oh, it is he! (Aloud.) Sir . . . (Aside) He is very nice, this *Boccace*.

*Lelio.* You have received a note . . . it is I who had the boldness . . .

*Péronelle.* You . . .



*Lelio* (with animation). But I understand your anger and I retire. (He takes a few steps.)

*Boccace* (pushing him towards *Péronelle*). Remain where thou art, animal ! . . .

*Péronelle* (lackadaisically). Not at all, there are some things that women easily forgive.

*Lelio* (aside). Too easily.

*Boccace* (softly). Make thy declaration.

*Lelio* (softly). Yes. (Aloud). Ah, Madame, when you appeared, I felt as if I saw the shining star of night pierce the cloud with its silver disc . . .

*Boccace*. Capital.

*Péronelle* (delighted). He compares me to the moon, what poetry.

*Lelio* (continuing). With its silver disc . . . with its disc . . . (aside). I am floundering . . . (aloud) and inundating my soul with a brightness . . . with its lunar brightness . . . (aside). I am floundering terribly.

*Boccace* (aside). He won't get rid of the moon.

*Péronelle*. Ah, young man, this eloquent language troubles and delights me . . .

*Lelio*. Truly ! (aside) She is not difficult to please. (aloud) What shall I add to it ?

*Péronelle* (with transport). Nothing.

*Lelio* (going). Nothing, you are right ! I have the honor. . .

*Boccace* (retaining him). Take her away . . .

*Lelio* (returning to *Péronelle*). Or rather if . . . I have still a quantity of things to say . . . (looking around him) But we may be overheard . . .

*Péronelle* (looking at *Boccace*). You are right, this beggar . . . (Taking *Lelio* by the arm and drawing him away). Let us go and talk farther off.

*Lelio* (going out with her). Willingly, (aside). If I could only lose her on the way . . .

*Boccace* (alone, laughing). Ah, ah, ah ! the poor *Lelio* ! what a queer figure he cuts. (*Beatrice* appears on the steps of the church). *Beatrice*, it is she, at last.

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#### SCENE XIII.—*Boccace, Beatrice.*

*Beatrice* (coming down the steps). Where is dame *Péronelle*, then ? She has gone and left me alone . . .

*Boccace*. The opportunity is favorable . . . now then.

#### Duet.

*Boccace* (approaching *Beatrice* and imitating the old beggar). You that I see coming out of the chapel Have pity, my noble young lady, Have pity on an unfortunate, Deign to turn your eyes on him. (Rising, throwing back his mantle, in a strong

voice). O strange charm In seeing your beauty Suddenly my heart throbb'd.

*Beatrice.* What do I hear? To the trouble of my senses I recognize those sweet accents.

*Boccace.* Yes, it is I! One beautiful evening you appeared to me, And since then I tremble at the sight of you! What I implore on my knees, Is one single word from you! This charming word, this divine word, May it fall at last from your lips.

*Beatrice.* What, you desire it?

*Boccace.* Yes, I desire it, And I shall be the happiest Of all lovers.

Together.

*Beatrice.* Nothing but a word, Ought I to yield so soon! Nothing but a word, It is nothing, yet too much! My heart will betray me, I feel myself tremble, Can I refuse to-day, What his love implores.

*Boccace.* Nothing but a word, Say it to me soon! Nothing but a word, Nothing but one, it is not to much! Yield to my desire, Let yourself be softened, Do not refuse to-day, What my love implores.

*Beatrice.* This word that your voice implores Will it suffice to cure you?

*Boccace.* To satisfy my soul here I form a most ardent desire, And now what I wish, Is one look from your beautiful eyes! That sweet look, divine balm, Ah! may it fall at last from your eyes.

*Beatrice.* What, you desire?

*Boccace.* Yes, I desire it, And I shall be the happiest Of all lovers.

Together.

*Beatrice.* A look tender and sweet, Ah! what do you ask for! A look, that is nothing, And yet it is a bond! My heart will betray me I feel myself tremble, Can I refuse to-day, What his love implores.

*Boccace.* A look tender and sweet, Ah! I wait for it from you! A look, that is nothing, And yet it is a bond! Yield to my desire, Let yourself be softened, Do not refuse to-day, What my love implores.

*Beatrice* (making a few steps to depart). I continue my way.

*Boccace.* No! I wish for . . .

*Beatrice.* You wish for?

*Boccace* (seizing her hand). Your hand.

*Beatrice* (aside). Ah! what rapture When his hand presses Thus my hand!

*Beatrice.* Farewell, farewell! I place my hope in thee! I vow to love thee Receive here my confession! Adieu!

*Boccace.* Farewell, farewell! Thy heart is touched! Ah, to

love me thou dost vow, I receive here thy confession! Adieu!  
(Lelio hastening in from the background).

*Beatrice* (frightened). There is someone. (She runs out by the right).

SCENE XIV.—*Boccace, Lelio.*

*Boccace* (disappointedly). Thou hast just disturbed me at the best moment; what is the matter?

*Lelio*. What is the matter? Ah! my dear, imagine that I was walking sentimentally side by side with the good dame Péronelle, when all at once we heard furious cries, and I was half knocked down by a man who ran at three-fold gallop. Péronelle fled terrified, and I recognized in this man who ran so fast, whom? the Prince of Palermo.

*Boccace*. The Prince, ah, bah!

*Lelio*. It appears that at the moment of getting in at the window at the beautiful Frisca's, he was perceived by that great stupid Tromboli: chased by him, he took his way across the town, but all the citizens of Florence are mobbed against him, and pursue him hard. (Great noise without). Listen, dost thou hear them?

*Boccace*. Yes, yes. (Going to look at the back). Ah, the poor prince, how he scampers away.

*Lelio* (at the back). He is running this way.

*Boccace*. This becomes curious! Let us stand aside and see something of what will come of this adventure. (They both hide in the corner of the barber's shop).

SCENE XV.—*Boccace and Lelio, (hidden), Orlando, then Cecco.*

(Orlando panting and haggard, comes on the scene running like a man who is pursued.)

*Orlando*. Ah, the scoundrels! They are upon my heels, armed with sticks, and I have no more breath. . . I am bruised, tried, broken-winded. (He falls exhausted on a seat).

*Boccace* (softly to Lelio). A nice *début*!

*Orlando*. Ouf! I have no more legs. . . let us breathe a little. . . There they are! (Rising and preparing to run away). On again; (Stopping and listening). No, nothing, I think decidedly they have lost my track. . . There is an adventure! I can say that I have lived through that. . . (Cecco appears on the steps of the church). But they will end by catching me. My clothes will betray me. . . my yellow doublet and my green flat cap are known to them. (Seeing Cecco). Ah! what an inspiration! (Running to Cecco). Good man, twenty ducats for thee, if thou givest me thy hat and thy mantle.

*Cecco.* Twenty ducats ! (giving him mantle and hat.) Take them, take them. (Orlando puts on mantle and hat.)

*Boccace* (softly to *Lelio*.) But they are mine.

*Orlando.* There are the ducats. (He gives the money to *Cecco*.)

*Cecco* (making them ring in his hand). Good day, good day. (He goes out.)

*Orlando* (lowering the hat over his eyes and wrapping himself in the mantle). Now, I am quite tranquil, they will not recognise me. (Great noise without, cries, tumult). There they are, on my faith, it was time . . . Let us look as if there were nothing.

SCENE XVI.—*Boccace, Lelio* (hidden), *Orlando, Tromboli, Citizens*, (armed with sticks).

*Tromboli* (running, followed by a troop of citizens waving sticks.) Where is he, where is he ?

*Orlando* (aside). Yes, search, search.

*A Citizen.* I do not see him.

*Tromboli.* He must have passed by here. (To *Orlando*.) Hie, my friend, you have not seen a man running with all his legs ?

*Orlando.* I have seen nothing at all. (Aside.) Search, search !

*Tromboli.* He slips between our fingers. Death of my life ! I am enraged, for I have the idea that this fellow was none other than *Boccace*.

*All.* Yes, yes, it could be none other than *Boccace*.

SCENE XVII.—The same, *Pandolfo, Citizens*.

*Pandolfo* (entering, running.) *Boccace*, my friends, he can no longer escape us. I have a description of him.

*All.* A description, speak, speak !

*Orlando* (aside). This becomes exciting.

*Pandolfo.* They have just given me an exact account of him. He is dressed in a blue mantle and on his head wears a grey hat with a red feather.

*Tromboli* (looking at *Orlando*, who is beside him). A blue mantle ?

*Orlando* (aside). Oh, dear !

*Tromboli* (same play). And a red feather . . .

*Orlando* (aside). Oh, dear, oh, dear !

*Tromboli* (pointing to *Orlando*). It is he, it is he ! That is *Boccace*.

*Boccace* (to *Lélio*). A new story !

*All.* Yes, yes. It is he. There he is !

*Orlando* (aside). I have made a fine stroke. (Aloud.) Allow me, my friends . . .

*Pandolfo.* We are not your friends.

*Orlando.* These clothes are not mine.

*Tromboli.* Bah.

*Pandolfo.* Whose are they then ?

*Orlando.* I borrowed them of an old beggar.

*Pandolfo.* Of a beggar . . . that splendid hat ! The sham is clumsy for a man of wit. We cannot swallow that.

*All.* That is absurd ! it has no common sense . . .

*Orlando.* But nevertheless.

*Pandolfo.* No, no, not a word more ! (To the citizens). And as, at last, Heaven delivers up to us the villain, to the sticks, my children, to the sticks.

#### Finale.

*Chorus.* We hold the arrogant Swaggerer ! And we can without danger Avenge ourselves ! Without more ceremony Upon him we are going To try our sticks !

*Tromboli.* Yes, by Heaven, friends, we must Strike this scoundrel.

*Chorus.* Doubtless we must.

*Tromboli.* We ought all without delay To punish such a babbler.

*Chorus.* Without any delay. (They raise their sticks against Orlando).

*Orlando.* Gentlemen, you are in error.

*Chorus.* Hold thy tongue, vile imposter.

*Orlando.* I am a simple passer by, Innocent, Gentle as a little child.

*Chorus.* Let us strike the scoundrel ! Forward. (They strike Orlando with their sticks).

*Orlando* (crying). Oh, my loins ! oh, my arm ! ch, my forehead ! oh, my nose !

*Chorus.* Take that, let us be avenged.

SCENE XVIII.—The same (*Quiquibio*, coming out of church with *Zanetta*), *Zanetta*, then *The Students*.

*Quiquibio.* What do I see ? (Coming quickly down the steps.) Stop, stop ! it is the Prince of Palermo.

*All.* A Prince !

*Chorus.* It is the son of a king, Ah ! we tremble with fear.

*Orlando.* A prince, oh, yes . . . a prince who has found-

ered! This accident, it is already seen . . . That I am not, is understood, The first prince that has been beaten.

*All.* Ah, be kind! ah, be kind! Forgive us, forgive us, You see us all very penitent, We took you for some one else! While our sticks did vent our rage On the back of a prince so good, We thought to avenge an outrage Committed on us by a blackguard. No one here will tell it, Will speak of it! We implore pardon.

*Orlando.* I am very kind, I grant a generous pardon.

SCENE XIX.—The same, *The Pedlar*, appearing with his little cart full of books.

*The Pedlar.* See, my dears, some new pamphlets.

*Tromboli.* Boccace is infamous. (Pointing out his books.) His books, here they are. Let us throw them in the fire, Let them be burnt here!

*Chorus.* In the fire. Boccace!

*The Students.* Silly threat.

*Tromboli* (to the pedlar). Come with thy cargo; It shall feed the flames!

*The Pedlar.* Do not touch it, it is all my living.

*The Crowd.* Be silent, fellow, scamp! (They pull the cart to pieces, and heap on its remains all the pamphlets that it has contained.)

*Tromboli.* Destruction to the books. Zounds! (Observing Boccace dressed as a beggar.) This good fellow shall set fire to them.

*The Crowd.* At last we shall be avenged On him who would outrage us . . .

*Boccace* (to the students). I laugh at their anger, My friends, let them do it, For one fine day, My turn to laugh at them will come . . .

*Boccace, Lelio, The Students, and Women.* O, ardent flame, Resplendent flame, Thou seek'st in vain To stop me (him) on my (his) way. O, fire, I defy thee, My (His) name cannot perish. In spite of all obstacles It will live in the future!

*The Students.* War on such folly. Whatever may be said, The spirit immortalizes!

*The Citizens.* Let us hasten, bless my soul! Let us throw all in the fire!

All together.

*Boccace, Lelio, Orlando, The Students, The Women.* O, ardent flame, Resplendent flame, Thou seek'st in vain To stop me (him) on my (his) way. O, fire, I defy thee, My (His) name cannot perish, In spite of all obstacles, It will shine in the future. Do

thy cruel work Vile brasier! for I appeal (he appeals) To posterity!  
For upon earth I hope (He hopes) In a day of freedom, The  
truth will shine!

*Pandolf, Tromboli, Quiquibio, and the Citizens.* O ardent  
flame, Resplendent flame, Thou wilt suddenly Stop him on his  
way. O, fire, may thy lava Annihilate him, He who defies us, In  
his work will perish! O, brasier, thy flame is beautiful. It is in  
vain that he appeals To posterity! For upon earth, I hope, He  
will always be quoted as a detested author! . . .

(All the citizens are on one side poking up the fire, on the  
other side are Boccace and the students. All the stage is lighted  
by the flames of the fire.) Tableau.

## ACT II.

AT Florence. The stage is divided in two. To the left, the  
courtyard and house of Tromboli with a passable balcony; in the  
courtyard, barrels of different sizes—at the end, a large wash tub.  
To the left, the garden and house of Pandolfo, with a window on  
the ground floor and one on the first floor (both real). In the  
midst of the garden, a large pear tree, with a ladder to climb it.  
At the foot of the tree, a rustic seat. A low wall separates the two  
enclosures; at the end, a wall covered with climbing plants, with  
two doors, one leading to Tromboli's house, the other to Pan-  
dolfo's. Beyond the wall, some hills. It is daybreak.

SCENE I.—*Boccace, Orlando, Lelio.* (The stage is empty. Suc-  
cessively are seen appearing above the wall at the end,  
Boccace, Lelio and Orlando.

*Boccace* (appearing first and looking round). It is certainly  
here. (Behind.) Come up, my friends.

*Lelio* (appearing). Here we are.

*Orlando* (same play). Here.

*Boccace.* All right. . . (Sitting astride on the wall.) Now,  
let us be seated.

*Lelio* (same play). Let us take breath.

*Orlando* (same play). And take counsel.

*All* (seated). There!

*Orlando.* Now, is it here that our three lovers live?

*Boccace.* Yes, I have got an account . . . it is here! Only  
we must not be mistaken.

*Lelio.* Let us look about us.

*Boccace.* See! (Pointing to the left.) Firstly, we have on  
this side Tromboli's house, the cooper . . . and there is the  
balcony of the sprightly Frisca.

*Orlando.* My adored one . . . she who will be the heroine of my first tale . . . an angel.

*Boccace.* Agreed. (Pointing to the right). This way is the dwelling of Pandolfo, the gardener . . . There is the window of my sweet Beatrice, and above, the balcony of the imposing Péronelle.

*Orlando* (laughing). The well beloved of the seigneur Lelio.

*Lelio* (discontentedly). If anyone appears to make game of me, I shall go . . . (He makes a movement to come down).

*Boccace.* Lelio, if thou desertest, I declare thee the most faithless of my friends, and I will never again speak to thee.

*Lelio* (remounting). I remain, my God, I remain! thou well knowest I would throw myself in the fire for thee . . . (Sighing) I will do the drudgery to the end . . .

*Boccace.* That's right! But day is dawning, let us lose no time.

*Orlando.* How are we to attract our three goddesses here?

*Boccace.* Let us sing them a morning serenade.

*Orlando.* Very well . . . let us go down. (All three go down).

*Boccace.* Each one before the balcony of his love. (Orlando, who descended on the left, places himself before Frisca's balcony. Boccace and Lelio who jumped down on the right side, place themselves before the windows of Péronelle and Beatrice. Each one brings out a mandolin that he carried in his belt.)

#### Serenade.

*Boccace.* Dear, I would be The pure breeze, At night I would come To give bloom to thy face.

*Orlando.* For my part, I would like To be a wild flower That thou would'st pluck, And place on thy breast.

*Lelio.* With me, it is different And I would be, My dear, the ribbon Which forms thy garter . . .

#### Together.

*Boccace.* The night is taking flight, And day is coming, O! love, at thy window To me thou wilt appear. It is love That draws me to this abode.

*Orlando.* The night is taking flight, And day is coming, O! love, at thy window To me thou wilt appear. It is love That makes me roam in thy courtyard.

*Lelio.* The night is taking flight, Thou wilt come, I as a gay troubadour await thee, For thou knowest already Love.

*Boccace* (to Beatrice who appears at her window). Appear, flower of beauty, To my enchanted gaze.

*Orlando* (to Frisca who appears at her window). Appear, divinity, To see thee is delight.

*Boccace.* Ah! come in this moment, Come and smile on thy lover.

*Orlando.* This meeting so charming Will be my first romance



*Lelio* (to *Péronelle* who appears at her window). Appear, oh deity, In thy noble majesty.

*Orlando*. I wish in intimacy To prove to thee my constancy

*Lelio*. One look for the moment afterwards comes devotion !  
(Repetition of the ensemble.)

*Boccace*. The night is taking flight, &c.

*Orlando*. The night is taking flight, &c.

*Lelio*. The night is taking flight, &c. (Voices are heard in the side-scene.)

*Beatrice* (softly to *Boccace*). Some one is coming.

*Frisca* (to *Orlando*). My husband, fly !

*Péronelle* (to *Lelio*). My husband . . . be gone.

*Boccace*. The husbands . . . the devil ! . . . Comrades, let us stand aside and observe . . .

*Orlando*. Yes, let us beat a retreat, it is more prudent.  
(They remount the wall and disappear, the three women re-enter the house.)

SCENE II.—*Tromboli, Pandolfo*. (Both come out of their houses in morning attire. Each is armed with a blunderbuss.)

*Tromboli*. Wait, wait, scoundrel.

*Pandolfo*. I will give thee some music. (They perceive each other, but without recognition, and both take aim.)

*Tromboli and Pandolfo*. Ah, I have you . . . rogue.

*Pandolfo* (recognizing *Tromboli*). Eh, no, it is neighbour *Tromboli*.

*Tromboli* (id). Hold . . . It is neighbour *Pandolfo*.

*Pandolfo*. Do not draw now.

*Tromboli*. Lower that, I beg of you. (They put their blunderbusses under their arms.)

*Pandolfo*. Did you not hear a frightful twanging of guitars ?

*Tromboli*. Perfectly, it even woke me up . . . It was a morning serenade that some lovers gave to our wives.

*Pandolfo*. Hang them ! . . . Let them come here.  
(Tapping his blunderbuss). I have emptied the contents of my salt-box here.

*Tromboli* (id). I also . . . and if I see anyone prowling by here . . .

*Pandolfo*. They shall smart for it.

*Orlando* (putting his head over the wall). That is good to know.

*Boccace* (same play). We will return by other means. (They disappear.)

*Tromboli* (putting his blunderbuss in a corner). Besides, neighbour, your health is always good ?

*Pandolfo.* Excellent neighbour . . . only my wife Péronelle makes me rather uneasy.

*Tromboli.* But why?

*Pandolfo.* Yesterday, she came in in a state of extraordinary excitement, her eyes seemed starting out of her head, and she spent all the evening in curling her hair and making grimaces at herself in the glass.

*Tromboli.* That is not natural . . . you ought to send for a doctor.

*Pandolfo.* That was my intention, but she did not wish it.

*Lelio* (appearing on the wall). A doctor . . . That is my business. (He disappears.)

*Tromboli.* For my part, my wife is all right, too right indeed she cries all day after me.

*Pandolfo.* And that irritates you.

*Tromboli.* Not at all, I have found a method of making her quiet . . . an excellent method . . . I strike with all my might.

*Pandolfo.* Her? . . . You are right . . .

*Tromboli.* No, my casks, . . . Pat, Pat! Ah, she is not long in running off.

*Pandolfo.* It is very clever.

*Tromboli.* Is it not? (Striking himself against the large wash tub.) Talking of tubs, here is a large wash tub that bores me awfully and that I can't get rid of . . . Ah, neighbour, if you can find a purchaser, you will render me a famous service.

*Pandolfo.* Very well.

*Orlando* (appearing on the wall). A purchaser . . . I hold my means . . . and for two! (He disappears.)

*Pandolfo.* I will look out for you . . . I must now go out.

*Tromboli.* Ah!

*Pandolfo* (going to put on a jacket and hat that he takes from the entrance of his house). Yes, you know that to-day I am going to gather in the fruits of my orchard . . . I shall hire some young girls to help me pick the fruit.

*Tromboli.* I thought they were to send you a gardener-boy?

*Pandolfo.* Yes, I expected one, but it seems he is ill, he cannot come.

*Boccace* (putting his head over the wall). A gardener . . . Very well, he will come, and of three! (He disappears.)

*Tromboli.* My opinion, neighbour, is that this gardener is not ill at all . . . but that he does not care to come and work in a garden where there is an enchanted pear-tree.

*Pandolfo.* What nonsense are you talking . . . I have an enchanted pear-tree in my garden?

*Tromboli* (pointing). Doubtless . . . that large one.

*Pandolfo* (examining it). That large one?

*Tromboli.* Yes. What during the week that you have lived in this house, has no one told you anything of it?

*Pandolfo.* Nothing at all. I find it just like the others, this pear-tree, it has superb fruit.

*Tromboli.* Believe what you choose, it is bewitched.

*Pandolfo.* Ah, bah! I don't believe all that, they are nurse's tales. Farewell, Tromboli.

*Tromboli.* Farewell.

*Pandolfo.* I am going to look up my young girls. (Aside.) He is silly, my neighbour. (He goes out by the door at the back.)

*Tromboli.* For my part I am going to wake up my workmen . . . those fellows would sleep all day if one would let them. (Crying out.) Hola! Lazy, Good-for-nothings . . . to work!

SCENE III.—*Tromboli*, six coopers, then *Frisca*.

*The six working coopers* (coming in, yawning). Here we are, sir, here we are!

*Tromboli.* It is a good job. . . they are asleep still, I think . . . shake yourselves, puppets . . . lay hold of your tools and finish quickly those small casks that we should deliver to-day.

*The Workmen.* Yes, sir. (They set to work.)

*Frisca* (appearing on the threshold of the house and looking) (Aside). They are gone . . . my husband saw nothing.

*Tromboli* (seeing her). Ah, there you are, my wife . . . (Looking at her.) Zounds! What an attire! . . . (Aside.) This serenade bothers my mind. (Aloud.) How early you are dressed out!

*Frisca.* Would you reproach me for doing you honour, or would you have me dress like a servant?

*Tromboli.* I don't say that, but for some time thou hast become coquettish, putting on rings, chains and jewels! Thou shinest like the mirror of the lark . . . all this is to attract sweethearts.

*Frisca.* Oh, if anyone can say . . .

*Tromboli.* I have eyes and ears . . . even this morning someone came and sang under your window.

*Frisca.* Can I prevent passers-by from singing?

*Tromboli.* Who can tell me that you were not in league with these coxcombs?

*Frisca* (aside). Oh, oh! Let us cut it short or he will get cross.

*Tromboli.* You do not answer . . .

*Frisca.* Do you think I would descend to clear myself (Walking to him and drawing herself up.) Ah, see, you do not deserve to have an honest wife like I am! . . .

*Tromboli* (going back). Oh, oh!

*Frisca* (very loud). It is suitable for you to reproach me, who remain modestly at home, while you go and pass all your time at a tavern !

*Tromboli* (gently). Allow me, dear friend . . .

*Frisca* (with force). See, you are but a tippler and a drunkard !

*Tromboli* (aside). I did wrong to excite her. (Aloud.) Calm thyself, my darling ! . . .

*Frisca* (very loud). No, I shall not calm myself . . . I look at that face that accuses me. Does it not bear on its purple surface, the trace of all vices !

*Tromboli* (disconsolate). She will never stop.

*A workman* (low, to Tromboli). Sir, the grand method.

*Tromboli* (low). Yes, yes, there is nothing but that . . .

*Frisca* What are you mumbling . . . coward . . . heartless . . . debauched !

*Tromboli*. Forward. (He takes his hammer and seizes a tub).  
Song.

I.—In our fine estate Let us avoid all debate When our wife cries  
When she enters in fury Answer her tra la la ! Tra la la Tra deri dera.

*The Workmen*. Tra la la Tra deri dera.

*Tromboli*. If in spite of all this noise Her anger increases  
To remove her Let us set to work ! Let us take our hammers !  
And strike on our barrels. (Striking his cask). Boum, tirapata.

*The Workmen* (striking). Boum, tirapata.

*Tromboli*. To put a stop to the fray at home, This is the true method.

*Frisca* (to Tromboli). Ah ! thou wishest to prevent me from speaking . . . Well, be it so. (Passing before him and giving him a box on the ear). I yield to brute strength . . . (Aside). Poor fool ! (She returns to her room pretending to be furious).

#### SCENE IV.—*Tromboli, The Workmen*.

*The Workmen*. The lady is outwitted.

*Tromboli*. II.—We have succeeded In driving her away,  
She has fled with a nimble step The victory is ours ! Thanks to my tra la la Tra la la ! Tra deri dera.

*The Workmen*. Tra la la ! Tra deri dera.

*Tromboli*. But let us fear her return, And to cut it short,  
For fear of her rage Let us make a fresh uproar Let us all take our hammers  
Let us strike on our barrels. (Striking his tub.) Boum, Tirapata.

*The Workmen* (striking). Boum, Tirapata.

*Tromboli*. To put a stop to the fray at home, This is the true method.

SCENE V.—The same, *Peronelle*.

*Peronelle* (coming from her dwelling). Ah! my God, neighbour . . . What a noise you are making. You will rouse all the neighbourhood against you.

*Tromboli*. If I sing too loud, neighbour, it is because I am gay, and if I am gay, it is because I have finished my work . . . (To the workmen). Come, you others, let us go . . . We will deliver our tubs.

*The Workmen*. Here they are, sir.

*Tromboli*. And then we will go and drink a draught, I think we deserve it.

*The Workmen*. Ah, no, . . . Long live the Master.

*Tromboli and the Workmen* (Repetition of the refrain). Tra la la la! Tra la la la! Traderiri, Traderira! Tra la la. (They go out by the backway to the left, each rolling a tub before him.)

SCENE VI.—*Peronelle, Frisca, then Beatrice*.

*Peronelle*. Good journey . . . That Tromboli appears to me to be a famous drunkard.

*Frisca* (who has come out of her house and heard it). You are quite right, dame Péronelle . . . an arrant drunkard . . . see, he has gone to drink again.

*Peronelle*. I did not know you were there, my dear Frisca, had I done so, I should not have allowed myself . . .

*Frisca*. Peuh! You would have been wrong to hesitate; one can never say enough that is bad about husbands.

*Peronelle*. Oh, as to that, I am quite of your opinion . . . never . . . (Going to the right and calling.) Beatrice! Bring thy work, we will work in the garden.

*Beatrice* (in the house). Yes, my nurse . . .

*Frisca*. She is nice, this little Beatrice, it is strange one knows nothing of her family.

*Peronelle*. Strange, is it not? . . . All I know is, that they intend to give her in marriage soon.

*Frisca*. Give her in marriage! . . . But where? . . . when? . . . and to whom above all?

*Peronelle*. Mystery! . . .

*Frisca*. Mystery! . . . She was so happy with you . . . she will be prized when she is in the power of a husband.

*Peronelle*. As we are . . . for what use it is to us . . . (She sits down and takes her knitting.)

*Frisca* (sitting down also). Is very little.

*Peronelle*. None at all! . . .

*Frisca*. Ah, we have great need of consolation. (An arm passes over the wall at the back and throws at the feet of Frisca a note wrapped round a stone.)

*Frisca.* Oh ! . . .

*Peronelle.* Marriage is a very deceiving mirage . . .  
(Another arm flings a note wrapped round a stone at Péronelle's feet.) Oh !

*Frisca.* Very deceiving . . . (Aside.) A declaration . . .

*Peronelle.* Very deceiving . . . (Aside.) A love-letter.

*Both* (aside). If it were . . . (They get up with an unconcerned air.)

*Beatrice* (coming out of the house). Here I am, my nurse.

*Frisca and Peronelle.* Hum ! . . . (Each picks up her note rapidly and turns to hide it. At the same moment a third arm appears on the wall and throws a note to Beatrice.)

*Beatrice* (aside). Oh ! . . . (Seeing no one is looking, she stealthily picks up the note.)

*Peronelle* (with joy). A letter from him !

*Beatrice* (with joy). A letter from him !

*Frisca* (the same). A letter from him !

Trio.

*Peronelle, Beatrice and Frisca.* I am trembling With pleasure.  
O sweet hope, He will come.

*Beatrice.* I must hide this note carefully.

*Frisca.* I must fear all indiscreet looks.

*Peronelle.* I must say nothing of his project.

*All three.* Let me keep my secret.

Together.

*Beatrice, Frisca and Peronelle.* O, dear note, My heart beats At thy sweet aspect It beats quicker. Before to-night I shall see him again. To me by his skill He will come, I have his promise, What happiness and what hope.

*Beatrice and Frisca.* To him without fear I offer my heart Love enduring And true Cannot lie Nor betray! He will come.

*Peronelle.* Beautiful seducer, My heart is thine! Admirable ruse! I am guilty With pleasure, And without blushing! He will come.

*Beatrice* (to Péronelle). Whence comes your emotion? You have, my nurse, A beaming brow.

*Peronelle* (going away and re-ascending). No, on my word.

*Frisca* (to Beatrice). Contain yourself My dear, it appears to me That your hand trembles.

*Beatrice* (going away and re-ascending). No, you are mistaken.

*All three.* Of his project Let us keep well the secret. (They all three kiss their notes secretly.)

Repetition of the ensemble.

*Beatrice.* O, dear note, My heart beats At nothing but the sight of it, It beats faster! &c.

*Frisca.* O, dear note, My heart beats At nothing but the sight of it, It beats faster! &c.

*Peronelle.* O, dear note, My heart beats At nothing but the sight of it, It beats faster! &c. (After the *ensemble*, Beatrice enters the house quickly by the right.)

SCENE VII.—To the left, *Frisca*, then *Orlando*; to the right, *Péronelle*, then *Lelio*. Music *con sordine*.

*Frisca* (reading lovingly again her letter). "To-day itself, I shall get to you, by the aid of a disguise."

*Péronelle* (same play). "I have found a method of coming to you, without exciting suspicion."

*Frisca* (aside). He will come . . .

*Péronelle* (aside). How he loves me . . . He has found a subterfuge to approach me.

*Frisca* (aside). I will read this dear little note again . . . (She goes to sit down near the house, and begins to read the letter again.) (Knocking with gentle blows is heard at the door at the back on the right).

*Péronelle* (jumping up). It is he . . . there he is . . . I will open to him. (She goes to open the door.) (*Lelio* enters.)

*Lelio* (as a doctor). *Tibi gratias! ejusdem farinae.*

*Péronelle* (astonished). A doctor?

*Lelio* (taking off his spectacles). It is I . . .

*Péronelle.* Ah, enter quickly, dear Boccace . . .

*Lelio.* I heard that you were suffering, and I took this pretext.

*Péronelle* (tenderly). How delicate he is . . . Ah, yes, It is my little heart that is bad, and you are exactly the doctor I require . . .

*Lelio.* Hum . . .

*Péronelle* (affectedly). Doctor . . . dear doctor . . . I will submit to all your orders.

*Lelio.* Ah . . . (Aside.) Then, I have the wish to order her the strictest regimen.

*Péronelle* (looking at him lovingly). You say?

*Lelio* (turning away). Nothing . . .

*Péronelle* (aside). He is timid . . . I must encourage him, (Aloud.) Then my poor charms have captivated you . . .

*Lelio.* They have captivated me . . . (Aside.) O Boccace, it is very well for thee . . . (Aloud.) Enormously . . .

*Péronelle* (with sentiment). I ought not to listen to you . . . I feel that it is wrong . . . (In a decided tone.) But my faith, so much the worse . . . Come here on this bench quite close to me . . . quite close . . . quite close. (She sits down on the bench.)

*Lelio* (frightened). So near as that . . .

*Péronelle* (aside). His embarrassment is delicious . . . (Drawing him with force.) But sit down then.

*Lelio* (falling hastily in the seat). What strength . . .  
*Peronelle*. Let us talk . . . (They continue to talk softly.)  
 (Someone knocks very loudly at the door at the back on the left.)  
*Frisca* (rising quickly!) . . . It is he. (She goes to open it,  
*Orlando* appears as a soldier with large red moustaches.)  
*Orlando* (with a provincial ascent). (He acts the tipsy man.)  
 May I come in? . . . Free and easy, good evening . . .  
 Where is the master of the storeroom, I wish to speak to him.  
 (He stumbles and knocks against a tub.)  
*Frisca* (frightened) Ah, my God. What is that?  
*Peronelle* (at the noise, getting up wildly). A tipsy soldier.  
 Ah, I am afraid . . . (She presses against *Lelio*.)  
*Lelio*. Fear nothing, I know who it is . . .  
*Peronelle*. No, no, let us go away, there is at the bottom of  
 the garden a little thicket where we shall be quieter . . . (She  
 leads him away.) Come, come . . .  
*Lelio* (aside, going). A thicket . . . I'm singed. (He dis-  
 appears in the garden, led by *Péronelle*.)

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SCENE VIII.—*Frisca. Orlando.*

*Orlando*. There, they are off.  
*Frisca*. Alone with this tipsy man . . . Sir.  
*Orlando* (resuming his natural voice). Be reassured . . .  
 a pretext for having an interview with you . . . I am not so  
 demoniac as I appear . . . (Taking off his beard.) See further.  
*Frisca* (recognising him). Boccace . . . What! is it you?  
*Orlando*. Myself, my goddess. (Aside.) She always takes  
 me for Boccace. (Aloud.) I, who breathe only for you . . .  
 I, who adore you . . . Your love is earthly paradise.  
*Frisca* (laughing). And you are the serpent.  
*Orlando*. So be it . . . The serpent that you have  
 charmed . . . Charmer . . .  
*Frisca* (disengaging herself). Well . . . Well . . .  
 Gently, I beg of you . . .

COUPLETS.

I.

You are assuredly A very amiable young man, But I find  
 you truly Very lively and unconventional. I invite you to be calm,  
 Friend, do not go so fast . . . A possession has but little value,  
 When it is too soon won. I have a gentle and tender heart But  
 I should defend myself. Ah, my virtue trembles and totters  
 And yet, valiant effort, I wish to remain faithful At least some  
 days longer.

*Orlando* (spoken). It is useless . . . A kiss . . . I  
 must have one kiss . . . (He wishes to kiss her.)

*Frisca* (repulsing him).



## II.

What ! a kiss so soon When we have scarcely made acquaintance What do you dare to propose to me ? That is going post-haste. Let us not muddle the work, Let us go softly, it is wiser. A kiss has little value, When it is too soon won. I ought to forbid it. But you can take it . . . (She offers her cheek, Orlando kisses it warmly.) Ah, My virtue trembles and totters, But by a last effort, I wish to remain faithful At least some days longer.

*Orlando.* It is understood . . . While waiting, I take one more little kiss . . . (Kissing her.) And all this is only on account.

*Frisca.* On account ?

*Orlando.* I will allow you time for the rest . . .

*Frisca.* The rest . . . What do you mean by the rest? . . . But, Sir, I have a husband . . .

*Orlando.* More reason . . . Husbands have all the year . . . Lovers but one day . . . Besides, what is this husband ?

*Frisca.* O, a stupid fellow . . .

*Orlando.* Well.

*Frisca.* A drunkard . . .

*Orlando.* Well.

*Frisca.* A jealous man . . .

*Orlando.* Just so . . . that cries out for vengeance, and I come to avenge you . . .

*Tromboli* (outside, singing). Tra la la. Traderi, Tradera.

*Frisca.* Heaven . . . it is he.

*Orlando* (frightened). The stupid fellow . . .

*Frisca.* Yes . . . If he sees you, you, a soldat, alone with me . . . I am lost . . .

*Tromboli* (knocking outside). Open to me, then ?

*Frisca* (to Orlando). Hide yourself . . . hide yourself.

*Orlando* (frightened). I ask nothing better. (Looking about.) But where.

*Frisca* (pointing out a wash-tub.) See, in there . . .

*Orlando* (getting in the wash tub). In there . . . One must be very bad there . . .

*Frisca.* Be quick then . . .

*Orlando* (in the tub). Don't leave me here too long . . . (Disappearing.) God, how annoying these husbands are, (Frisca goes to let in Tromboli.)

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SCENE IX.—The same, *Tromboli*.

*Tromboli.* (suspiciously). Thou hast been long in opening to me ?

*Frisca* (before the tub). Did you not act the jealous

husband . . . Whence come you now? From the tavern, ah, you smell of brandy . . . faugh!

*Tromboli.* Brandy! What an injustice . . . I only drank wine . . . And again it was to cement the bargain that I did it.

*Frisca.* A bargain? You have just concluded a bargain, you!

*Tromboli.* Thou reproachest me for being good for nothing, always . . . Well, I have just sold our large wash-tub . . . that one . . . (He points to it.)

*Frisca* (restraining a movement). Ah.

*Tromboli* (approaching the tub). And I am going at once to deliver it.

*Orlando* (aside in the tub, with fright). He is going to roll me . . . The Devil.

*Frisca* (quickly to Tromboli). It is impossible . . . leave it . . . it is not sold . . .

*Tromboli.* But yes indeed, darling . . . to a soap merchant, who pays me three crowns for it.

*Frisca* (ironically). Three crowns! . . . three crowns! . . . Oh, what a fine business! . . . I advise you to talk of it . . . I, who am but a little woman, I have sold it for five. (She bends to take it from Orlando's hand.)

*Orlando* (aside). Oh, how mischievous she is. (He gives her some money.)

*Tromboli.* Five crowns, truly, five?

*Frisca* (giving him the crowns). And as a proof, here is the money.

*Tromboli* (looking in her hand). But say how it is, there are ten . . .

*Orlando* (aside). Oh, I made a mistake.

*Frisca* (aside). The bungler. (She takes the money again.) (Aloud). Well! thou hast drunk so much, that thou seest double. (Returning the money to Tromboli.) Count carefully . . . One, two, three, four, five. (She puts the rest in her pocket.)

*Tromboli* (counting). See, it is true . . . But I could have sworn . . . (Giving a kick to the tub that he sets rolling.) At last, we are rid of it.

*Orlando* (rolling and crying out). Eh! . . . down there . . . stop.

*Tromboli* (angrily). Ho! . . . a man! . . . Zounds, what does it mean, Madame? . . .

*Frisca* (aside). Aie! . . . (Aloud.) What? . . . You do not understand? . . . What would you have it be, but my purchaser?

*Tromboli* (jealously). And what is he doing in the tub?

*Frisca* (with assurance). He is examining the make.

*Tromboli* (reassured). Ah, well . . .

*Frisca.* You would not have him buy it with his eyes shut.

*Tromboli.* No, no . . . it is all right . . . (To Orlando.)  
Well, Sir?

*Orlando* (coming out of the tub). Ah, yes . . . it is nice; your work . . . comrade.

*Tromboli.* What do you find about it?

*Orlando.* Well? I buy a tub for the cookings of our regiment, and it appears to me to leak on all sides.

*Tromboli.* It leaks.

*Frisca* (to *Tromboli*). That is how you work . . .

*Tromboli.* That is nothing . . . it is merely the business of putting a coating of tar, I have some there ready . . . I will put it on the fire and it is done.

*Orlando.* All right, s'dearth.

*Tromboli.* In waiting, my officer, you will do us the honour of drinking with us.

*Orlando.* That is never refused, comrade.

*Tromboli.* *Frisca* . . . my darling, pour us out some of thy best wine.

*Frisca.* Willingly . . . Follow me, then.

*Tromboli.* Follow her . . . No, stay, my officer, give my wife your arm.

*Orlando* (offering his arm to *Frisca*). It is to obey you, good cooper. (He enters with *Frisca* in *Tromboli's* house.)

*Tromboli.* At last I am rid of my great wash tub. (The sound of kissing is heard.) Ah, well! there are already the corks popping . . . (He enters his house laughing. At the same moment *Pandolfo* opens the door at the back and appears in his garden.)

SCENE X.—*Pandolfo, Nina and five other young girls.*

*Pandolfo.* We are arrived . . . enter, young ladies.

*The young girls* (entering, carrying empty baskets). Here we are, here we are . . . Mr. *Pandolfo*.

*Pandolfo.* Good! . . . Now, my little pussies, we must be quick . . . we are behind . . . You will pick the fruit from all the trees.

*Nina* (pointing to the pear-tree). Except that.

*All.* Yes! . . . not the pear-tree . . . not the pear-tree.

*Pandolfo.* Why not? . . .

*Nina.* Because it is enchanted . . .

*Pandolfo.* They say the same as my neighbour . . . but I swear to you that the tree is the same as all the others . . .

*All.* No, no, we will not touch it.

*Pandolfo.* They will not change their minds . . . if at least I had my gardening boy, he would not be afraid . . . unfortunately, he is ill . . . (The door at the back opens and *Boccace* appear as a peasant.)

SCENE XI.—The same, *Boccace* (as a gardener boy.)

*Boccace* (with a drawling accent). Ill! . . . not at all . . . here I am! . . .

## Song.

I.—Like all my family, I am gardener by trade: I inherit that from papa! I am handy as a girl And I have pleasing talents: I inherit that from mamma! I smell, when I am dressed, Like a breath of seringa: I inherit that from papa! I have a quick eye, a nose like a trumpet And my hair curls naturally: I inherit that from mamma! I am complete to please you certainly For I take after my mamma And my papa.

II.—They call me Nicodemus, And they find I am rather a blockhead: I inherit that from papa! My character is like a cream I have a heart full of sentiment: I inherit that from mamma! Virtue, is an austere duty, And I conform to it exactly: I inherit that from papa! But this duty that exasperates me, I am often tempted to forget: I inherit that from mamma, Ah, I am complete to please you certainly For I take after my Mamma And my papa.

*Pandolfo*. It is my farmer who sent thee?

*Boccace* (with a foolish air). Surely it was.

*Pandolfo*. Thou art not ill then?

*Boccace*. Surely not . . . I will explain to you . . . I was ill . . . and as the master had a cow that was ill too . . . he sent for the veterinary . . . for the cow . . . And the veterinary ordered a draught for the animal . . . So, the master, who likes me well, gave me half, and that's how I am cured.

*Pandolfo*. It is surprising . . . (Softly to the girls.) He appears rather silly . . . It is a countryfied manner.

*Nina*. It is a pity, he is nice.

*All*. Very nice . . . They approach *Boccace*.

*Boccace*. Do not approach . . . Saint Nicholas, do not approach . . . You are shameless winged animals.

*Pandolfo*. Winged animals.

*Nina and her companions*. He treats us as winged animals.

*Boccace*. Yes, yes . . . go . . . I know you well . . . Father Philip, who brought me up, said to me; Mistrust those little animals . . . so pleasant to the eye, but the nicer they are, the worst they are for men . . . They call them . . . What did Father Philip say? Ah, yes . . . they call them geese.

*All* (exclaiming). Geese . . . Ah, but say then. (They wish to beat him.)

*Boccace*. Saint Nicholas . . . do not approach me . . . or I will hit.

*Nina*. Ah, he is too silly . . . But let us go and work, that will do better . . .

*Pandolfo.* All right, go and work in the orchard.

*All.* To the fruit-gathering. (They all disappear to the right.) (*Pandolfo* goes back and points out to them the orchard.)

SCENE XII.—*Pandolfo* at the back, *Boccace*, then *Beatrice*.

*Boccace* (aside). Here I am master of the situation. (Looking round.) But I do not see *Beatrice* . . . where can she be?

*Beatrice* (appearing on the threshold of the house). He does not come . . . what can detain him?

*Boccace* (seeing her). It is she . . . (Going to her softly.) *Beatrice*, dear *Beatrice* . . . Here I am.

*Beatrice* (much moved). You . . . Ah . . .

*Borrace* (seeing *Pandolfo* coming down). Hush . . . He is coming. (They separate quickly.)

*Pandolfo* (to *Beatrice*). Well, thou art there . . . thou lookest at that boy . . . He is my gardener . . . (Low.) He is an idiot to an extent thou canst not imagine.

*Boccace* (nudging *Pandolfo's* elbow). Another goose.

*Pandolfo.* What! a goose, imbecile; it is my ward.

*Boccace.* Ah, it is your . . . (Aside.) If he stays here, how can I talk to *Beatrice*?

*Pandolfo.* There, we have talked enough . . . thou wilt pick the fruit of that pear-tree . . . (laughing) that they call bewitched.

*Boccace.* Bewitched.

*Pandolfo.* Yes . . . Hast thou heard of that, thou?

*Boccace* (aside). What an idea. (Aloud.) Eh, yes, I have heard of it . . . more than a hundred times!

*Pandolfo.* But after all, in what does the enchantment consist?

*Boccace.* In what? . . . (Aside.) I hold to my business. In what? . . . Ah well, it appears . . . (mysteriously.) It appears that when anyone gets up this old pear-treee, he sees below . . . extraordinary things . . .

*Pandolfo.* Truly . . .

*Boccace.* Things . . . Hi! Hi! Hi! things that we cannot relate before young ladies.

*Pandolfo.* Leave me quiet . . . I am very good to listen to all these idle tales . . . Come, come, to work and climb the tree.

*Boccace.* Ah, you wish me to climb?

*Pandolfo.* Doubtless . . . Come, go on . . . there is a ladder.

*Boccace.* *Cristi*, how frightened I am.

*Pandolfo* (pushing him). Get up, imbecile.

*Boccace.* I must obey. (Going up the ladder.) I mount, I mount.

*Pandolfo.* That is lucky.

*Boccace* (appearing up the tree). Here I am.

*Pandolfo.* Well, now work.

*Boccace.* Yes, master . . . (Stopping and crying out). Ah!

*Pandolfo.* What is the matter?

*Boccace.* Ah, sir, please not to embrace your ward before me. (Pandolfo is at the extreme left—Beatrice is at the extreme right.)

*Pandolfo.* I . . . embrace my ward?

*Beatrice* (at the right, taking a flower). But no—

*Pandolfo.* But no, she is there . . . she is picking a daisy.

*Boccace.* I know well what I see . . . but will you end . . . by taking her round the waist . . . under my eyes . . . Ah . . . fi!

*Pandolfo.* But I am here, quietly in my corner . . .

*Boccace* (pointing to the seat). Not at all . . . You are there . . . on the seat . . . (Crying out.) Again . . . Saint Nicolas . . . You are embracing her again now . . . Oh well, oh well . . . will you have done . . . Ah, I shall come down and go away . . . (He comes down the ladder.)

*Pandolfo* (to himself). It is astonishing . . . This pear-tree must indeed be enchanted.

*Boccace* (reproachfully). Ah, master . . . a man of your age . . .

*Pandolfo.* Then thou art quite sure of having seen me?

*Boccace.* Of having seen you . . . You have only to try yourself . . .

*Pandolfo.* Very well, it is the only way to have a clear understanding. (He mounts the ladder.) I climb up.

*Boccace.* You will see . . . you will see . . . I do not move from my corner.

*Pandolfo* (in the tree). Here I am.

*Boccace.* Well . . . Do you see?

*Pandolfo.* No, I see nothing yet.

*Boccace.* Wait, it will come. (He goes to Beatrice and draws her towards the seat.)

*Pandolfo.* Eh! . . . Why dost thou leave thy place? (Boccace sits on the seat with Beatrice.)

*Boccace.* What an idea . . . I have not moved. (Softly to Beatrice.) Say what I say.

*Beatrice* (with a little effort). But . . . no, he has not moved.

*Pandolfo.* Not moved . . . but zounds . . . I see you both plainly on the seat.

*Boccace.* You are dazzled. (To Beatrice.) Dear Beatrice . . . (He presses her round the waist.)

*Pandolfo.* Now you are pressing her round the waist . . .  
rogue ! . . .

*Boccace.* I ! . . . (He embraces Beatrice's hand.)

*Pandolfo.* Now thou art kissing her hand . . . villian ! . .

*Boccace.* I ! . . . Ah, that is too much ! I am still in my  
little corner . . . (Softly to Beatrice.) Say as I say . . .

*Beatrice.* I also, my godfather.

*Boccace.* She also . . . Well, master, do you agree now  
that the pear-tree is enchanted ?

*Pandolfo.* It is true, on my faith . . . Very curious ! . . .  
very curious. (Boccace embraces Beatrice.) I could swear thou  
didst embrace her . . . Ah ! . . . I should like to see how  
far this would go . . . (He looks attentively.)

*Boccace* (to Beatrice). Let us continue our discourse And  
fear nothing ! My plan our safeguard, He believes when he looks  
Below That what he sees does not exist.

*Pandolfo* (in the tree). It is a story Not to be believed, It  
was really true The pear-tree is bewitched.

SCENE XIII.—The same, (*Tromboli, Orlando and Frisca* at the  
left.)

*Tromboli* (to Frisca who carries a bottle and some glasses).  
Pour it out. There is no grief that wine cannot disperse.

*Frisca.* Set to work then, Take quickly thy tar.

*Tromboli.* Wife, do not clamour so . . . (Entering the  
tub with his pot of tar and his lighted candle.) I am going to  
set to work at once.

*Orlando* (sitting on the cask). He has disappeared, so much  
the better. (Frisca sits on the other side of the cask.) Delicious  
moment, come, I remind thee That I must have a kiss.

*Frisca.* I am not cruel, I will grant it to you. (Orlando  
embraces her.)

*Pandolfo* (in the tree, amazed). There are four of them now.

*Tromboli* (in the tub.) How tiresome this work is !

Together.

*Beatrice.* O, charming excitement ! And burning desire !  
What trouble oppresses me ! I feel myself grow weaker ! What  
thy voice entreats I cannot deny ! I give thee my soul In a kiss.

*Boccace.* O, charming excitement ! Yield to my desire ! For  
I have thy promise, Thou canst not fail ! What my voice entreats  
Thou canst not deny ! Give me thy soul In a kiss.

*Frisca.* O, charming excitement And burning desire ! When  
his voice begs of me I must obey ! What his voice entreats I can-  
not deny ! I give thee my soul In a kiss.

*Orlando.* O, charming excitement ! And burning desire ! When

my voice begs of thee Thou must obey! What my voice entreats  
Thou canst not deny! Give me thy soul In a kiss.

*Pandolfo* (in the tree). If I were not up to this, my faith, I  
should believe I see what I see.

*Tromboli* (in the tub, putting up his head). But where is  
this leakage, then?

*Frisca* (to Tromboli). Continue, continue thy search.

*Orlando* (to Tromboli). Search, search the place well.

*Tromboli* (going back into the tub). My God, how pinched  
I am!

SCENE XIV.—The same, *Peronelle* and *Lelio*.

*Péronelle* (appearing with *Lelio*). You are going?

*Lelio*. They are awaiting me.

*Péronelle* (with fire). Remain still.

*Lelio*. She is too tender! No, no, goodnight, To our next  
meeting.

*Pandolfo* (in the tree, stupefied). Well, there is my wife now!  
Ah, this becomes very amusing.

General Ensemble.

*Beatrice*. O, charming excitement! And burning desire!  
What trouble oppresses me! I feel myself grow weaker! What  
thy voice entreats I cannot deny. I give thee my soul In a kiss.

*Boccace*. O, charming excitement! Yield to my desire! For  
I have thy promise Thou canst not fail! What my voice entreats  
Thou canst not deny. Give me thy soul In a kiss.

*Orlando*. O, charming excitement! And burning desire!  
When my voice begs of thee Thou must obey! What my voice  
entreats Thou canst not deny! I give thee my soul In a kiss.

*Frisca*. O, charming excitement! And burning desire! When  
thy voice begs of me I must obey! What his voice entreats I can-  
not refuse. I give thee my soul In a kiss.

*Péronelle*. O, charming excitement! Why then go away? Ah,  
when I beg of thee Yield to my desire. Answer my ardour with  
thine Thou canst not refuse. I give thee my soul In a kiss.

*Lelio*. No, it is too much excitement, And I ought to go!  
Here I leave thee In spite of thy desire! I have too much of her  
ardor And I ought to refuse To give her my soul In a kiss.

*Tromboli*. Not a leakage, How unpleasant, I must find it,  
I cannot refuse, I must not loiter.

*Pandolfo*. Let us see what follows, Ah, what pleasure! I  
should be amused at it! Afar and without showing myself I have  
been diverted. (Cries are heard at the back.)



SCENE XV.—The same, *Quiquibio*.

*Voice* (behind). Where is he? . . . Come, come.

*Quiquibio* (behind). Pandolfo . . . Master Tromboli . . . open quickly . . .

*Tromboli* (listening). It is the voice of Quiquibio.

*Pandolfo* (in the tree). What does he want? . . . Let us get down. (He comes down the tree.)

*Tromboli* (coming out of the tub and going to open the door.) Here I am, comrade, here I am.

*Boccace* (aside). The Devil take the barber.

*Orlando*. Plague on him! It was going so well.

*Tromboli* (opening the door). Come in . . . come in . . .

*Quiquibio*. Yes. (Speaking to people behind.) Wait for me, my friends, and hold yourselves in readiness. (He shuts the door. Tromboli makes him come down quickly, and they find themselves opposite Pandolfo, who just opens the door of communication. Tromboli and Quiquibio enter Pandolfo's garden.)

*Pandolfo*. What is the matter? You seem quite upset.

*Quiquibio* (out of breath). It is . . . it is that Boccace is here . . . at your house, disguised.

*Boccace, Lelio and Orlando* (aside). Aie!

*Pandolfo*. You are sure of it? . . .

*Quiquibio*. Absolutely sure . . . Some students, friends of this swaggerer, related it in a neighbouring tavern, where I was seated at table.

*Pandolfo*. Boccace again.

*Tromboli*. Always Boccace.

*Quiquibio*. This time we shall be avenged . . . all our friends are there with cudgels . . .

*Voice* (behind). Down with Boccace!

*Quiquibio*. Do you hear them? . . .

*Tromboli* (wildly). I can't get over it. . . . he is here?

*Pandolfo* (repeating). Disguised. (Looking round.) But where?

*Beatrice* (softly to Boccace). Silence.

*Frisca* (softly to Orlando). Don't betray yourself.

*Peronelle* (softly to Lelio). Look as if you knew nothing of it.

*Pandolfo* (reflecting). Can it be the doctor?

*Tromboli*. No, it is my soldier.

*Pandolfo*. No, it is my gardener.

*Tromboli* (with rage). And I was in the tub.

*Pandolfo*. And he made me get up the tree.

*Pandolfo, Quiquibio, and Tromboli*. Ah, our vengeance will be terrible!

*Beatrice* (frightened, and pressing Boccace to her). Mercy for him.

*Pandolfo, Quiquibio, and Tromboli* (turning). Ah, that is he.

*Frisca* (the same). No, it is not he . . . why try to deceive yourselves? (Pointing to Orlando.) There is Boccace! Ah, you will forgive him!

*Pandolfo, Quiquibio and Tromboli* (turning). Then, it is this one.

*Péronelle*. No, it is not this one. Sublime devotion! that we will not accept. (Pointing to Lélío.) There is the true Boccace! . . . (Pressing Lélío to her.) Strike us both with one blow.

*Pandolfo, Quiquibio, and Tromboli*. Another one!

*Tromboli*. It rains them!

*Pandolfo*. It is unheard of!

*Quiquibio*. Bewildering!

*Pandolfo*. See, let us understand . . . this being the case, there are three Boccaces?

*Quiquibio*. It is many . . .

*Tromboli*. It is too many . . .

*Pandolfo*. In the doubt, let us attack all three . . . by that means, we shall be sure that he will not escape . . .

*Quiquibio and Tromboli*. Very well . . .

*Orlando*. I ask to put in a word?

*Pandolfo, Quiquibio and Tromboli*. Silence. (They are going to rise.)

*Boccace* (advancing). One moment, gentlemen! . . . I do not wish my friends to be inconvenienced by my fault . . . the true Boccace . . . it is I.

*All* (with different emotions). He! . . .

*Orlando*. Perfectly . . .

*Tromboli* (showing him his fist). Ah, it is thou, scoundrel . . .

*Pandolfo* (doing the same). Thief of honor.

*Boccace*. Reassure yourselves, gentlemen . . . your wives have remained faithful to you . . . And if my friends are here, they have only come to help me in my love affairs.

*Tromboli, Pandolfo, Quiquibio*. What love affairs? . . .

*Boccace*. She whom I love (Pointing to Beatrice) is there . . . This time I have bidden farewell to foolish adventures.

*Tromboli*. Well then.

*Pandolfo*. He wishes to make fun of us again.

*Orlando* (aside). I believe so . . .

*Boccace*. No! . . . and to prove to you that I speak the truth, I ask of you the hand of Beatrice.

*All*. Her hand!

*Quiquibio* (jumping for joy). He wishes to marry her . . . Boccace joins the great fraternity!

*Tromboli* (doing the same). Bravo! . . . he will not be able to mock at husbands any longer.

*Quiquibio* (very quickly). It is understood! . . . (To

Pandolfo). You consent . . . he is to be married. . . long live Boccace !

*All.* Long live Boccace !

*Pandolfo.* Pardon ! . . . but I am only the guardian, we must have the consent of the papa ?

*All.* Who is the papa ?

*Pandolfo.* Does one ever know those sort of things ! . . . I do not know !

*Quiquibio.* Ah ! bah ! We can do without him ! let him marry.

*All.* Let him marry ! . . .

(During these last rejoinders, two servants in grand livery enter from the back on the right. An unknown man richly dressed follows them.—The people form a procession and over-run the two gardens. Lookers-on climb on the wall at the end and line it.)

SCENE XVI.—The same, *The Unknown, Citizens, People and Valets.*

*The Unknown* (advancing). Stay ! . . . (Going towards Beatrice). Listen to me, Beatrice. . .

Finale.

*The Unknown* (to Beatrice). It is your illustrious and noble father, Who sends me to you to-day, I am, secretly and without commotion, To take you to him.

*All.* What a mystery !

*Beatrice.* I to follow you ! . . . What did you say ?

*The Unknown.* Prepare yourself then to depart, There is a fine future for you !

*Beatrice* (aside). Ah ! what care I for riches, The vain splendour of nobility, If at the expense of my happiness ! O ! dear object of my tenderness, Thou that I have loved with madness, I depart leaving thee my heart !

*The Chorus.* For ever Take away our regrets, Of thy heart We share the grief ! In leaving this poor dwelling Think always of thy friends.

*Boccace* (to Lelio and the students). We will follow them, and in the night, We can take her off without noise ! Second well my projects !

*Lelio and the Students.* To help thee we are ready.

*The Unknown* (looking at Beatrice). We must go, they await us, Well, come, my dear child. . . . (Beatrice gets up to follow him ; Boccace slides behind the tree by which she finds herself.)

*Boccace* (low in the ear of Beatrice). Soon for thee no more suffering.

*Beatrice* (stopping and listening). His voice !

*Boccace.* My heart is there to cherish thee ; (On the melody of the romance in the First Act). Love, it is hope, Love, it is the future.

*Beatrice* (radiant.. When I hear his voice, Burning delirium ! At the moment I see All smiling for me ; This voice gives to my heart Joy and happiness ! Ah ! for me no more suffering I renew my hope And see all grief fly.

*Boccace to Lelio and the Students.* My dear friends, be ready To help me in my projects. Looking at Beatrice. Without constraint, And without fear, Sweet hope that comes to elate me, Soon I can adore thee !

*Lelio and the Students* (to Boccace). To second thy projects We are ready.

General Ensemble.

*Beatrice.* When I hear his voice Burning delirium, At the moment I see All smiling for me ; This voice gives my heart Joy and happiness, I renew my hope. Ah ! for me no more suffering No more grief, My brow brightens When on earth I see gleaming the hope Of seeing him again. Ah ! What a sweet hope !

*Boccace.* She hears my voice, Burning delirium, At the moment I see All is smiling for her ; Yes, my voice gives her heart Joy and happiness, I renew her hope. For us two no more suffering No more grief, My brow brightens When on earth I see gleaming the hope Of seeing her again. Ah ! What a sweet hope.

*The Chorus.* The future, I believe, Will charm her, At the moment I see All smiling for her ; Destiny gives to her heart Joy and happiness, For her in her wealth ; No more cares, no more suffering, No more grief. Her brow brightens, This happy fate Has made hope shine In her black eye. Ah ! What sweet hope ! (The Unknown takes Beatrice by the hand and leads her towards the back ; Boccace, surrounded by his friends, makes a gesture as if to say "Farewell" . . . The other persons, differently grouped, address to her a last farewell). Tableau.

### ACT III.

THE stage represents a rich salon in the ducal palace at Florence. Doors right and left. At the back a white marble staircase, leading to a terrace à l'Italienne that occupies all the back of the scene. Quite at the back, the tops of trees in a park. On each side of the theatre, in the front, a flower stand ; in that of the right, a superb bouquet of roses.

SCENE I.—*The Maids of Honor* of Beatrice, then *Peronelle*.

Song.

I.

*The Maids of Honor.* Under the eye of a duenno We must

contain ourselves, But though we fear her Let us try to divert ourselves. When one has youth One says that wisdom Is to love pleasure; Maids of honor, Be in a good humor, Lariloula, Larira! And in our happiness Let us sing all in chorus: Laliloula, Larira.

## II.

The love that we watch for, Would wish, I greatly fear, That one should submit, To giving him our heart; We will let him alone . . . One has to submit To the laws of this conqueror! . . . Maids of honor, Let us give him our heart, Lariloula, Larira! To fete this conqueror Let us all sing in chorus: Lariloula, Larira!

*First young lady* (looking behind). Silence! . . . There is our superintendent . . .

*Second young lady*. See then, young ladies, how she is dressed up!

*Peronelle* (entering at the left). (She is in rich but exaggerated costumes, and fanning herself.) Ah! how hot it is! . . . Ouf! . . . Good day, young ladies.

*All*. Good day, Madame.

*Peronelle*. Now, let me make an inspection . . . I am anxious that your dress should be perfect . . . for you know that to-day the marriage of the Princess Beatrice is to take place.

*All*. We know it.

*Peronelle*. Dear Beatrice, she is a Princess! . . . Ah! . . . a week ago I was a hundred leagues from suspecting, when they came to fetch her, that her father was the grand duke of Florence.

*First young lady*. What unexpected fortune!

*Second young lady*. It is a beautiful dream!

*Peronelle*. When I think that it is I who brought her up, this dear child . . . but the grand duke has not been ungrateful . . . He has made us come to court and immediately he has appointed Pandolfo grand arboriculturist to the estate . . . and me, superintendent of the maids of honor of the princess . . . Only there were no maids of honor . . . I was ordered to choose twelve.

*First young lady*. We are but eleven.

*Peronelle*. It is true, but I expect the twelfth this morning . . . She has been strongly recommended to me . . . that will complete the troop . . . pretty troop, over which I will watch day and night . . . My strict principles are known . . . How warm it is. Let us break the ranks . . . and go and breathe on the terrace.

*All*. Yes, Madame (They re-ascend).

*Peronelle*, seeing Pandolfo enter. (Ah, there is my husband . . . he shines like the sun!)

SCENE II.—The same, *Pandolfo* (very richly dressed), *Tromboli*, *Quiquibio*, *Frisca*, and *Zanetta*.

*Pandolfo*. Enter, my friends (with importance). With me you can go into every part. (*Tromboli*, *Quiquibio*, *Frisca*, and *Zanetta* enter).

*Peronelle*. Eh! . . . I am not mistaken . . . these are our ex-neighbours.

*Quiquibio* (bowing). Who come to salute you, dear lady . . .

*Tromboli* (the same). And congratulate you. . .

*Frisca*. Here you are in honors.

*Zanetta*. To the neck.

*Peronelle* (drawing herself up). To the neck . . . The grand duke heaps them on us.

*Pandolfo* (strutting about). He heaps them on us, that is the word . . . (*To Peronelle*) I am not sorry that they see us in all our splendour . . . I dazzle them (*To Tromboli and Quiquibio*). Yes, my friends, I am at the zenith of grandeur.

*Quiquibio* (*to Tromboli*). Let us be spiritless . . . (*To Pandolfo*). We came, illustrious friend (*Pandolfo* draws himself up), we came humbly to ask you if you would have the extreme goodness to speak for us to the grand duke? . . .

*Tromboli*. That is easy to you, now that you have his ear.

*Pandolfo*. I have his ear, it is true . . . I have even both of them . . . unfortunately he is rather deaf. . .

*Tromboli*. Oh, in calling very loud . . .

*Pandolfo* (in a patronizing tone). That is what I have done . . . and I have the satisfaction to announce that I have obtained for you, *Quiquibio*, the position of court barber . . . it is you who will shave us.

*Quiquibio* (enchanted). Ah! (*He embraces his wife*).

*Pandolfo*. And for you, *Tromboli*, that of butler at the palace.

*Tromboli* (delighted). Oh! (*He embraces his wife*).

*Pandolfo* (quickly). Do not thank me . . . I always like to patronize people who are below myself.

*Tromboli*. You are too good!

*Quiquibio*. A thousand thanks.

*Zanetta* (softly). This style!

*Frisca* (softly). An ex-gardener!

*Quiquibio* (same). That is pitiable!

*All four* (aside). Pitiable.

*Quiquibio* (pushed on by his wife). These ladies have another favor to ask of you.

*Pandolfo* (with a consequential air). Speak fearlessly . . . Now then? . . .

*Zanetta.* We have a great wish to be present at the marriage of the Princess Beatrice . . .

*Frisca.* A foolish desire.

*Quiquibio.* And if it were possible.

*Zanetta.* With your protection.

*Tromboli* (seconding). Your powerful protection . . .

*Pandolfo.* Yes . . . yes . . . I will do that also for you, though there are the strictest orders . . .

*Quiquibio.* Ah! . . . there are orders?

*Pandolfo.* Because of Boccace . . . The Prince Orlando, the intended of Beatrice, fears that he may try to see her again . . . he has warned his father-in-law.

*Peronelle.* And the Grand Duke has given orders to stop Boccace if he dares to present himself at the Palace.

*Peronelle.* Besides, he is not mentioned any more.

*Quiquibio.* Perhaps he has left Florence.

*Pandolfo.* Very possibly! . . . for it appears that the King of Naples wishes particularly to have him at his Court.

*A Page* (entering, to *Péronelle*). A young girl is here who wishes to speak to the superintendent.

*Peronelle.* I know who it is . . . it is my twelfth . . . a young lady to welcome.

*Pandolfo.* We will leave you, my dear . . . follow me, Tromboli, I will show you the cellars of the palace.

*Tromboli* (excited). There are some famous wines . . . hein?

*Pandolfo.* Of extraordinary growths . . . On that point you know, be reasonable . . . one must keep up appearances here . . .

*Tromboli.* Do not fear . . . I understand.

*All Four* (bowing to *Péronelle*). Madame! . . . (Softly going out.) It is pitiable! (They go out.)

*Pandolfo* (softly). They are dazzled! (They disappear after the other persons.)

*Peronelle* (to the page). Let her come in. (The page goes out.) Young ladies, it is the twelfth who has come . . .

*All the Young Ladies.* Ah, let us see her . . . Let us see her!

SCENE III.—*Peronelle, Boccace* (as a woman), *The Maids of Honour*.

*Boccace* (hiding his face a little with his handkerchief, acting fright). Oh, how many people!

*Peronelle.* Come in, my child.

*Boccace* (descending to the scene). Yes, Madame.

*The Maids of Honour* (looking at her). Not bad, not bad!

*Peronelle.* Let us see . . . (Looking in her pocket.) Oh, dear! . . . I have forgotten my glasses.

*Boccace* (aside). So much the better!

*Peronelle.* Well, never mind. (To Boccace.) You came alone?

*Boccace.* An old servant brought me . . . My uncle is ill, but he gave me this letter for you. (He gives her a letter, aside, looking round.) I do not see Beatrice.

*Peronelle* (reading the letter). Hum! very well . . . this note praises you highly.

*Boccace* (bowing modestly). Ah, (aside). I can believe that, it is I who wrote it.

*Peronelle* (looks at him. Boccace puts his handkerchief to his face.) You must not cry for that, my child.

*Boccace.* I am not crying . . . I have the toothache.

*Peronelle.* That is a bad pain . . .

*Boccace* (forgetting himself). It is the pain of love!

*All the Young Ladies.* The pain of love?

*Peronelle* (astonished) Who told you that?

*Boccace.* Hum! it was my Aunt, the canoness.

*Peronelle.* It is a canoness. . . there is no harm (to the maids of honor). She is of a very good family. (To Boccace). And what is your name.

*Boccace.* Angelica!

*Peronelle.* That is perfect. . . Angelica, here are your companions. (She points out the maids of honor.)

*Boccace* (aside). They are charming! (aloud). May I kiss them? . . . to make acquaintance.

*Peronelle.* Certainly. . . embrace them, and me too . . .

*Boccace.* You allow it, young ladies?

*All.* With pleasure.

*Boccace* (kissing them). The pleasure is mine.

*First Young Lady.* How she presses you!

*Peronelle.* She is full of tenderness! (To Boccace;) My turn now! Angelica, (Boccace does not move, louder). Angelica.

*Boccace.* Ah! . . . me?

*Peronelle.* Doubtless! . . . there is no Angelica here but you . . . kiss me! . . .

*Boccace* (forcibly). Never. . . (Modestly). Never, till I have rendered myself worthy by my good conduct.

*Peronelle.* It is an angel! . . . (To the Young Ladies). Young Ladies, this is a model that I wish you to copy.

*Boccace* (aside) looking around. Where can she be? . . . (aloud). Where is the Princess Beatrice then?

*Peronelle.* Beatrice! . . . you wish to see her?

*Boccace* (with transport). It is my dearest desire!

*Peronelle.* I can understand that . . . she is being dressed for her marriage.



*Boccace.* Her marriage?

*Peronelle.* That is to take place in an hour.

*Boccace.* In an hour! Ah, (aside) I have come in time.

*Orlando* (outside) Take good care of the order . . .  
(appearing at the back). If Boccace dares to come in here . . .  
he is to be stopped at once, by order of the Grand Duke.

*Boccace* (aside). Orlando!

*Peronelle.* And see, here is the bridegroom already.

SCENE IV.—The same, *Orlando* as bridegroom.

*Orlando* (descending). The devil of a Boccace! I have the nightmare about him, I seem always to be seeing him. (Softly to *Péronelle*, pointing out Boccace). Who is that young girl?

*Peronelle* (softly). The new one . . . the Signora Angélica.

*Orlando.* Angélica . . . what a pretty name . . . we eat that . . . is she nice? (He tries to look at Boccace who covers her face with her handkerchief)

*Boccace* (moaning) Hei! oh la la la.

*Orlando* (astonished) to *Péronelle*. What is the matter with her?

*Peronelle.* She has the toothache. . . .

*Boccace* (his handkerchief on his right cheek). It pierces through me.

*Orlando.* Poor little girl! . . . (Changing his tone) All goes well . . . my bride will be ready directly . . . and in an hour, marriage. . . . Beatrice is mine . . . ah, ah, seigneur Boccace, you did not expect that I should whisper this . . . that I shall be a made man before you. . . . (He tries to look at Boccace)

*Boccace* (moaning, putting her handkerchief on her left cheek). Heigho! . . . oh, la la.

*Orlando.* Still your teeth. . . . Why it strikes me that it was the other side. . . .

*Boccace.* It wanders about.

*Orlando.* Poor little thing.

*Peronelle* (who has risen). Ah! . . . I hear the cortege! Young ladies, quickly in your places, here is the princess . . . (The maids of honor range themselves at the back).

*Orlando.* It is strange . . . I am not affected . . .

SCENE V.—*Orlando, Boccace, Peronelle, Beatrice, Lelio, Pandolfo, Quiquibio, Frisca, Zanetta, The Students, Maids of Honor, Lords and Ladies of the procession.* (The procession appears at the back. Orlando runs before Beatrice and gives her his hand. Behind them come the Lords and Ladies of the Court, then Frisca, Zanetta, Pandolfo, Quiquibio, Lelio, and the Students).

## Chorus.

Long life to the Princess! What an air of nobility, And what beauty; She is enchanting And truly charming In her majesty. All in her attracts, And one can predict That of her husband, Amiable young prince, The enviable fate Will make many jealous.

*Orlando*, to Beatrice. Ah! what a glorious day, dear princess, we shall be united for ever.

*Beatrice*. For me, it is day of sadness, For me it is a day of regrets.

## Couplets.

## I.

I am here in opulence, I live in rich magnificence, Still my old life Had much more value for me. No, no, nothing is worth the little room Where I have passed so many happy days, And this poor little house I shall ever regret.

## II.

Truly they give me in marriage A noble and glorious prince, But I had accepted the homage Of a simple and modest love. Yes, in spite of myself, I think still Of him, my first love, This friend that my heart adores I shall ever regret! (She rises. The Lords and Ladies of the Court surround and bow to her.)

*Orlando* (vexed). Well, this is pleasant to hear . . . it is this Boccace she is thinking of . . . and she does not love me, that is clear . . . What a difference with that little Frisca! There is one who adores me.

*Frisca* (who has approached him quietly, whispering.) I must speak to you.

*Orlando* (recognising her) Frisca! she . . . allow me, it is that . . .

*Frisca* (imperiously). Here! Presently, come, or I will make a scandal. (She moves away.)

*Orlando*. A scandal! The devil . . . that must be avoided.

*Lelio* (to his friends who surround him). Leave it to me!

*Peronelle* (raising herself on tiptoe to see Beatrice). They are congratulating her on her marriage . . . her heart beats. Ah, how the deserted hearts are to be pitied . . . ah! (She sighs.)

*Lelio* (who approached her, low and quickly). I must speak to you.

*Peronelle* (much moved). You . . . ah!

*Lelio* (same play). Here . . . presently . . . come, I shall expect you. (He moves away and is lost sight of in the crowd.)

*Peronelle*. He loves me still. Ah, what emotion! Let me hide my confusion. (Turning to the maid of honor.) In your turn, young ladies, congratulate the princess!

*Beatrice* (aside). Alas, he thinks of me no more !

*Boccace* (softly and quickly to *Beatrice*). Here presently, if you have ever loved me, come ! (He falls into his place again).

*Orlando* (coming down a little). Now, ladies, let us go into the hall of honor where the Grand Duke awaits us, surrounded by all his nobility.

Repetition of the Chorus.

Long live the princess ! What an air of nobility And what beauty, &c. (The procession prepares to move on. First Orlando gives his hand to *Beatrice*, surrounded by the maids of honor. *Péronelle* is behind her, then the others. *Lélio* and the Students stay behind. When they see that everyone has gone out, they come back on the stage quickly.)

SCENE VI.—*Lélio*, the Students.

*Lélio*. Everyone has gone, we are alone.

*First Student*. Well, explain to us why you arranged an interview with *Péronelle* ?

*Lélio*. What? . . . You do not understand? Yet it is very simple . . . *Boccace* has been able to get in here . . . our plan is to make easy for him the means of taking away *Beatrice*.

*All*. Doubtless.

*Second Student*. And we have prepared all for that.

*First Student*. The horses all saddled await us.

*Lélio*. It is perfect . . . but *Boccace* will have to make *Beatrice* determine to follow him. And how would you have him manage it with this cursed duenna who never leaves her for a moment ?

*All*. That is true.

*Lélio*. Well, I sacrifice myself once more. . . . *Péronelle* will forget all, to come to a tryst that I have given her, and that is how our lovers will be rid of their argus . . . Do you understand now ?

*All*. Yes, yes . . . It is perfect.

*Lélio* (rising). I think I hear her . . . leave me . . . and hold yourselves in readiness at the first signal.

*All*. Well, we will obey (They disappear at the back).

*Lélio* (looking at the back) There she is.

SCENE VII.—*Lélio*, *Peronelle*.

*Peronelle* (entering stealthily) Imprudent ! . . . What have you done ?

*Lélio* (aside) Some lyric poetry . . . (Aloud). I could not live without seeing you. . . .

*Peronelle.* Lower.

*Lelio.* Your charms . . .

*Peronelle.* My charms ?

*Lelio.* Your allurements.

*Peronelle.* My allurements ?

*Lelio.* Follow me day and night . . . Ah ! if thou didst but know how I love thee . . .

*Peronelle* (aside). What passion ! (Aloud.) Ah, Lelio spare my modesty.

*Lelio.* Be serious . . . do not let us speak of your modesty . . . and listen to me, oh, Peronelle.

Duet.

*Lelio.* I feel it, it is delirium. Far from you, cruel martyrdom ! I grow thin and I sigh.

*Peronelle.* What transport and what fire.

*Lelio.* From your lips even Might I hear, oh, supreme woman, Fall these words : I love you.

*Peronelle.* He agitates and excites me.

*Lelio.* If I am nursing a vain hope. (Half drawing his sword.) At thy feet I pierce myself.

*Peronelle* (frightened). Sheath that, Great God ! I love you, I confess it.

Ensemble.

*Peronelle.* When he coos by my side In this sweet moment Like a little fowl I truly tremble.

*Lelio.* When I coo by her side Like a tender lover I make her lose her head Immediately.

*Lelio.* To quench this flame What I entreat of thee Is a trysting place, dear love.

*Peronelle.* O, Heaven ! and my duty ?

*Lelio.* Bah ! one makes terms with that, Or, if necessary, one neglects it, This trysting place, I beg.

*Peronelle.* Oh ! no it would be backsliding.

*Lelio.* If I am nursing a vain hope. (Half drawing his sword.) At thy feet I pierce myself.

*Peronelle.* Sheath that ! this evening I consent to receive you ! . . .

Ensemble.

*Peronelle.* Near to me when he coos In this sweet moment Like a little fowl I truly tremble.

*Lelio.* Near to her, when I coo Like a tender lover I make her lose her head Immediately.

*Lelio.* It is understood . . . where is thy room ?

*Peronelle* (pointing to the first door on the left). There !

*Lelio.* I shall await thee there . . . (Opening the door). Ah ! how dark it is . . .

*Peronelle.* Some one is coming ! . . . (Pushing him in the room). Go in quickly.

*Lelio* (half opening the door). But thou wilt come?

*Peronelle* (closing it). Yes! . . . (Seeing Orlando enter, who comes cautiously). Ah! the Prince!

*Orlando* (Perceiving *Péronelle*). Ah! well! . . . the duenna! . . .

*Lelio* (who has looked in, putting the door ajar). Orlando!  
. . . (He closes the door again).

SCENE VIII.—*Lelio* (hidden), *Peronelle*, *Orlando*.

*Orlando* (aside). She will be in my way (Aloud). Eh! what are you doing there, mistress superintendent? . . . so it is thus that you watch over my bride.

*Peronelle*. Excuse me, monseigneur . . . a little business . . . I hasten to my post . . . (Aside). Horrid wolf! (Aloud). I run there . . . (In going she passes near the room where *Lelio* is hidden and says quite softly). Wait for me, I will return . . . (Aloud to Orlando). I run there . . . (She disappears at the back.

*Orlando* (alone). What can that little *Frisca* want of me?  
. . . To know it, I have left my betrothed . . . who continues to say she cannot bear me . . . This does not promlse for me that my future will be rose colour . . . Oh! no . . .

SCENE IX.—*Lelio* (in the room) *Orlando*, *Frisca*.

*Frisca* (coming cautiously). Here I am!

*Lelio* (who has half opened the door and who listens). *Frisca*! . . . well!

*Orlando*. Ah, it is thou, my dear . . . speak quickly, I am in a hurry. What hast thou to say to me?

*Frisca* in a decided tone. I have to say to you that I do not wish you to marry the Princess.

*Orlando*. You do not wish it. . . . Buxom woman, . . . And by what right?

*Frisca*. By the right that you gave me in deceiving me. . . . You swore to me eternal love . . . on a tub . . . and at the end of a week, you are going to marry someone else.

*Orlando*. Well! that does not prevent me from loving thee!  
. . . Do not be jealous, it is a purely political marriage. . . . thou would'st not compromise European equipoise?

*Frisca* (crying hot tears). Ah, ah, ah! how unhappy I am!  
Ah, ah, ah.

*Orlando*. Ah, well! she is crying now . . . This would have been a marriage to cause me agreeableness . . . (to *Frisca*). See, be reasonable.

*Frisca* (stamping her foot, still crying). No, no, no! . . .

*Orlando.* The equipoise . . .

*Frisca* (the same). Not of marriage. . . .

*Orlando.* Of Europe . . .

*Frisca.* What care I for your equipoise . . . I shall make a scandal . . . I shall tell my husband everything.

*Orlando.* What stupidity! . . . No one tells these sort of things . . .

*Frisca* (looking at the back). And here he is exactly . . . Yes, yes, it is decided, I shall tell him all.

*Orlando.* But it is an idiot . . . (gently) come, listen . . . we shall see . . . we shall arrange that . . . I will make concessions . . .

*Frisca.* Very well.

*Orlando.* But, go, . . . hide thyself . . . See, there, in my room . . . (He goes to open the first door, on the right.)

*Frisca* (entering the room). One can't see in the least . . . (to Orlando). And you will come and join me? . . .

*Orlando.* Yes, yes . . . in a minute! . . . (Wiping his forehead). What an adventure. . . . This is another that I shall have lived through! (He closes the door quickly, and places himself before it).

SCENE X.—The same, *Tromboli*. (*Tromboli* enters with a bottle in his hand, he is rather fuddled).

*Tromboli* (showing his bottle). Cyprus wine . . . first choice . . . (He drinks.)

*Orlando* (looking at him). On my word, he is tipsy.

*Tromboli.* Superb cellars! . . . (Going to Orlando). Yes, sir! . . . (aside). Well, I have seen that face somewhere . . . (Aloud). Delicious wines . . . Ah! they are well furnished the cellars of the Grand Duke . . .

Couplets.

I.

These cellars are my empire, The flagons are my subjects,  
Subjects, I can say, Obedient and perfect. Well to fill my office,  
I have tasted all the wines, and ought, in strict justice, To declare  
that they are divine. Of the juice of the grape I am a lover,  
Long live the bottle, And its pretty eyes.

II.

Fasting, I announce I am not very gallant And I own that  
my wife Is quite sufficient for me. But true God, I have tender-  
ness for wine, When I have drunk it is different, Like the Great  
Alexander, I become a conqueror. The juice of the grape  
Renders me loving, Long live the bottle And its pretty eyes.

*Orlando.* Ah! ah! . . . You have some ideas? . . .

*Tromboli.* Quite waggish . . . There are some pretty women here?

*Orlando.* Charming! . . . (aside). Let's see, in point of fact, the room is dark . . . if I sent him to his wife . . . it would be funny . . . (resuming). Charming . . . and not at all prudish . . . Why I have an interview with an adorable blonde . . . but what vexes me is that I cannot fulfil it.

*Tromboli.* A blonde! I adore them. Ah, if it was I!

*Orlando.* Why not? Will you go there in my place?

*Tromboli.* Will I! but perhaps it is indiscreet.

*Orlando* (quickly). No, no, it does not deprive me. (Pointing to the door at the right). See, you have only to go in there, the first door by the bouquet of roses.

*Tromboli.* By the bouquet of roses . . . well!

*Orlando.* Above all, do not speak. She will take you for me. You understand?

*Tromboli.* Be contented, comrade.

*Orlando.* And now, good luck! (Going out). I am rid of Frisca! (He disappears.)

*Tromboli* (falling seated on the arm-chair.) My legs are like rags. It is the Cyprus. And then the blonde, the bouquet of roses. (Falling asleep). The bouquet of roses!

*Lelio* (who has followed all the scene). All right, he remains there . . . (coming out of the room.) And Boccace does not appear . . . can anything have happened to him? I am so uneasy, I must go and see . . . (Stopping.) But if Peronelle comes, she will find me no more . . . another nuisance . . . (Striking his forehead). Oh, a superb idea. This drunkard! yes it is perfect. (He goes and takes quietly the bouquet of roses from the right and carries it to the flower-stand on the left.) There, now let us wake him up. (He taps with his foot on the floor.) Hum!

*Tromboli* (jumping up with a start). Hein! Well, I was asleep . . . And my interview . . . my blonde . . . Eh, eh! (He goes towards the right.) We say that it is this way . . . (Looking.) I see no bouquet of roses . . . (Looking to the left.) How stupid I am, it is this side . . . It is funny . . . I could have wagered . . . (He goes to the left.) No, it is really there! There is the good bouquet . . . Let us enter . . . and above all . . . silence. (He enters the room at the left, first floor.)

SCENE XI.—*Lelio*, then *Boccace*, who has resumed his male attire, then *Peronelle*,

*Lelio.* There he is! . . . And now, let us go and see . . . (He rises).

*Boccace* (arriving quickly). Friend, it is I . . .

*Lelio.* Boccace! . . . At last.

*Boccace.* She will come ! I have snatched the promise from her.

*Lelio.* Well ! . . . Make her decide to go, all is ready.

*Boccace.* Thank you ! . . . I hear the rustling of a dress

. . . It is she ?

*Lelio* (who has risen). No ! it is Péronelle.

*Boccace.* Yes. (He hides behind the drapery).

*Peronelle* (arriving quickly). He must be so impatient I could not escape . . . Let us enter quickly. (She enters on the left, first floor.)

*Boccace.* Where is she going ?

*Lelio.* To find me.

*Boccace* (astonished). Thee, how ?

*Lelio.* I will explain it to thee later . . . she is not to be feared for the moment, that is the main point.

*Boccace* (listening). Ah ! this time it is Beatrice . . . leave us and hold yourselves in readiness.

*Lelio.* Yes, and do thou be eloquent. (He disappears at the back.)

*Boccace* (rising). There she is.

#### SCENE XII.—*Boccace, Beatrice.*

*Beatrice.* Boccace, here I am . . . What do you want of me ?

*Boccace.* Beatrice if you have loved me, if you love me still, you will not let this odious marriage be accomplished . . . You will follow me.

*Beatrice.* Follow you.

*Boccace.* Yes, we will fly afar to seek our happiness . . . all is prepared by my cares . . . My friends wait for us, they will defend our flight . . . come . . . (He wishes to lead her away).

*Beatrice* (gently pushing him back). What do you ask of me ? . . . It is impossible . . . forget me.

*Boccace.* Forget ! . . . You tell me to forget and I tell you to remember . . . Yes, remember that beautiful evening when we saw each other for the first time . . . You were at your window and you sang this Tuscan song . . .

#### Italian Duet.

Mia bella Fiorentina Disprezzi l'amor, Ignorio furbettina  
Le piaghe del cor, Coll'aria di contento Deridi il mio lamento,  
Non calmi i mesti gemiti,

Con un sorriso almen, Et pur vedrai. Ti scorgerai Come  
d'amor i palpiti Ti stringerano il seno Come d'amor i palpiti Ti  
stringeran il sen !

*Beatrice.* Le scaltre fiorentine Non sprezzan l'amor !



*Boccace.* Oh, si !

*Beatrice.* Sorrisi ed occhiatine Le sorton dal cuor.

*Boccace.* No, No !

*Beatrice.* Si pascon nel contento, Deridon il lamento Et pur nascote lagrime Si lasciano fuggier !

*Boccace.* Ignoran l'amor.

*Beatrice.* Ah si vedrai Ti scorgerai, Quando il bramato capita D'amore san 'morire !

Ensemble.

*Beatrice.* Ah ! si la bella Fiorentina Sembra cruda, senza cuore Un sorriso, un occhiatina Firulin, firulin, firulera, L'infiamma al dolce amor.

*Boccace.* Epur ver, che la Fiorentina Al parer sembra senza cuore Un sospir, un languir Una dolce occhiatina, Firulin, firulin, firulera, L'infiamma al dolce amor !

*Boccace.* Così mia Fiorentina Piu speme non ho !

*Beatrice.* Il cuore la manina, Io perder non vo.

*Boccace.* In van io dunque gemo In van d'amor io fremo !

*Beatrice.* Se veri sou quei gemiti Allor tascoltaro ? Ah, si vedrai !

*Boccace.* Ti scorgerai.

Ensemble.

Che dell 'amor i fremiti Con te dividero.

*Boccace.* Et pur ver Che la Fiorentina Al parer, Sembra senza cuore, Un sospir, un languir Una dolce occhiatina.

*Beatrice.* Ah, si ! La bella Fiorentina Sembra cruda, Senza cuore. Un sorriso, Un occhiatina.

*Both.* Firulin, firulin, firulera, L'infiamma al dolce amor. (At the end of the duett Boccace tenderly presses Beatrice's waist ; Orlando appears at the back).

SCENE XIII.—The same, *Orlando*.

*Orlando* (to himself). My betrothed has disappeared . . (Perceiving her.) Eh ! there she is ! . . (Approaching her and recognizing Boccace.) Boccace !

*Boccace.* Orlando !

*Beatrice* (to Boccace). Fly ! . .

*Boccace* (with force). Never.

*Beatrice* (with force). In the name of our love, I command you.

*Boccace.* Then, I obey you . . (To Orlando.) Seigneur Orlando, we shall meet again outside this palace ! . . (He disappears at the back.)

*Beatrice.* I tremble. (Two maids of honor, who have just appeared, take her off the scene.)

*Orlando.* He dares still to threaten me ! . . (Calling out.) Come to me, guards ! . . Come to me, everybody !

SCENE XIV.—*Beatrice, Orlando, Pandolfo, Quiquibio, Frisca, Zanetta, Soldiers, then Peronelle and Tromboli.*

*All* (coming from different sides). What is it? . . . What has happened?

*Orlando* (scarcely able to speak). An un-heard-of fact! . . . (To the Guards.) Boccacc is in the Palace . . . run after him . . . arrest him alive or dead . . . (Pushing them.) But go then. (The soldiers go out.)

*Pandolfo*. Is it possible?

*Quiquibio*. Still he?

*Pandolfo*. He dared to enter here?

*Orlando* (enraged). Yes. (To *Pandolfo*.) And your wife saw nothing . . . She is an accomplice.

*Pandolfo*. Ah, Prince! I swear to you . . .

*Orlando*. Hold your tongue . . . you are an idiot.

*Quiquibio*. But . . .

*Orlando* (furious). You also! . . . I tell you she is an accomplice, and the proof is that she has disappeared . . . Where is she? . . . (Crying.) *Péronelle*!

*Pandolfo* (crying out). *Péronelle*!

*All* (crying out). *Péronelle*! (*Peronelle* comes out of the room on the right. She wears *Tromboli*'s hat on her head.)

*Péronelle*. I am called . . . it is the hour for the marriage . . . here I am!

*Orlando* (angrily). Ah! there you are! (Looking at her head-dress). What is that?

*Quiquibio*. What has she on her head?

*Pandolfo*. What the devil are you dressed up in for a hat?

*Péronelle* (drily). My own, doubtless.

*Pandolfo* (taking it off). What . . . This monument?

*Péronelle* (aside). Heaven! in my haste, I made a mistake. . . . (Aloud stammering). It is . . . it is . . . a new fashion that I wish to set.

*Pandolfo*. A new fashion . . . (aside). That appears to me equivocal. (*Tromboli*, who has entered, seeing the hat that *Pandolfo* grasps nervously between his hands.) Hold, my hat! (Taking it). Thank you!

*Pandolfo* (stupified). Hullo?

*Feronelle* (aside). It was *Tromboli*! . . . I should not have doubted it. . . .

*Pandolfo*. Madame, you must explain to me . . .

*Péronelle*. Eh, my God, it is very simple . . . I had borrowed this hat of our neighbour to make you one like it. I am anxious that you should have a nice hat.

*Pandolfo*. That is different . . . Ah! dear friend . . . what delicate attention.

*Orlando.* Silence, it does not matter about that . . . (To Péronelle) Madame, it is before the Grand Duke himself that you must give an account of your conduct.

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SCENE XV.—The same, a *Captain of the Guards*, then *Boccace*, *Lords* and *Ladies*.

*The Captain* (to Orlando). Prince, Boccace is arrested . . .

*All.* Taken . . . at last . . .

*Orlando.* Let him be brought! (The Captain goes out)  
We hold him . . . it is our turn to laugh and to make game of him.

*Tromboli.* And pan, pan, pan, we will scoff at him . . .

*Pandolfo.* And bon, bon, bon . . . we will give him some pretty rough music . . .

*The Captain* (leading Boccace). Here he is.

*Boccace.* To my misfortune, they surprised me, Of me here you are masters.

*All the Men.* One is master Of this traitor.

*Boccace.* In your nets I am well taken, Nevertheless you see, I laugh at it, Pray allow me.

*All the Men.* Thou wilt be Punished, traitor.

*Boccace.* Explain to me this great misdeed, Tell me, then, what I have done?

*Pandolfo.* He ask what he has done, When he is taken in the act of sin.

*Boccace.* And what is this sin?

*Tromboli.* He had clandestinely Prepared all for an elopement.

*Boccace.* Is it not a charming project?

*Orlando.* The object of this insolvent rape Was our duke's own child.

*Boccace.* Eh! that proves that this time I had placed my love well.

*The Three Women.* The defeat Is perfect, Nothing stops A Poet!

*Orlando* (furiously). He shall pay dearly, the rogue, for such a trick!

*Boccace.* When himself One loves, With extreme ardor, Is it a reproach For the soul That enflames love?

Ensemble.

*Boccace.* Amiable intoxication Without ceasing Thy voice urges us. The time of youth Is not very long! Folly Is in season, For his darling One forgets Reason! To love, this cheating God, Can one refuse A sweet pardon?

*The Women.* Of intoxication O Cupid ! Youth Is the spur  
Folly Is in season, For his darling One forgets Reason ! To love,  
this cheating God, Can one refuse A sweet pardon ?

*The Men.* As he confesses His treason, Let us punish the  
boldness Of this gallant swaggerer. We hold him, the cheat !  
Now his reckoning is good, He can then lower his flag, And for  
him no pardon. He deserves the prison !

*Boccace.* By this love pure and discreet My heart is glorified !

*The Men.* This impious man Defies us !

*Boccace.* I had conceived the sweet project Of marrying  
secretly I publish it loudly !

*The Men.* Let him expiate His folly !

*Boccace.* I, her husband and why not ? Have I not my  
glory and my name ?

*Pandolfo.* See what an excess of pride ! How such a name  
would have been well borne.

*Boccace.* With honor it is quoted.

*Tromboli.* No, thy books are condemned And despised by  
all well-born people.

*Boccace.* So much the worse for these unfortunates.

*Orlando.* To think of such a union, What presumption for  
a clown.

*Boccace.* Eh ! . . . such a clown, beyond question Is  
worth more than a prince without any mind.

*The three Women.* The reply Is topical, It piques The  
critic.

*Orlando* (furiously). He will pay dearly, the rogue, for such  
an offence.

*Boccace.* When one's self One loves 'With ardour extreme  
Is it a reproach For the soul That love inflames ?

Ensemble.

*Boccace.* Amiable intoxication Without ceasing, &c.

*The Women.* Of the intoxication O ! cupid, &c.

*The Men.* He confesses Here his treason, &c.

*Boccace* (bursts out laughing in Orlando's face). Ah, ah, ah,  
this poor Prince.

*Orlando* (furiously). He still dares to brave me ! It is too  
much . . . Guards, secure him and take him to prison. . .

*Beatrice* (appearing). To prison ! . . . What are you  
saying ?

*All.* To prison (The music continues *con sordine* in the  
orchestra till the Finale).

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SCENE XVI.—The same, *Lelio, the Students, Lords and Ladies, Pages*, then the *Leading men of Naples* (At the same moment when they are going to lead Boccace away Lelio appears at the head of the students).

*Lelio* (authoritatively). One moment, if you please.

*All*. What is the matter?

*Lelio*. That Boccace is free . . . By order of the grand duke.

*Orlando*. What, free . . . and why?

*Lelio*. Because Boccace has just been made citizen of Naples. King Robert summons him to his court . . . (Pointing out the leading men of Naples who advance and who carry a palm of gold on a velvet cushion). And His Majesty sends him a palm of gold as the greatest poet of Italy.

*Boccace*. To me! . . . (Lelio presents to him the palm, he takes it). Ah, my friends.

*Orlando*. If it is so with him, let him depart.

*Frisca* (low and quick to Orlando). I waited for you . . . If you persist, I shall tell all.

*Orlando* (low, frightened). Silence! (Aloud) I also, I depart . . . I give up my marriage and I return to Sicily.

*Beatrice* (aside). Free! . . . What happiness.

*Orlando* (to Tromboli). You will accompany me to the court of Papa with your wife.

*Tromboli*. Ah, prince . . . What goodness.

*Boccace* (with effort). Well, as it must be, . . . let us set out for Naples . . . but I leave here the best part of myself . . . (to Beatrice) I am only a poor poet . . . but there honours await me . . . and perhaps one day, by force of glory, I shall obtain one day what I shall love for ever.

*Beatrice* (Softly). I will wait.

*Lelio*. And we, my friends, let us fete Boccace and his renown which will still increase.

*All*. Long live Boccace.

Finale.

General Chorus.

No more sadness! Here ceaselessly May cheerfulness Reign as mistress. Let us end our piece With songs! If the work is not very good, Grant us your pardon! Yes, what we implore Gentlemen, it is pardon. (Boccace, the palm of gold in his hand, is in the midst of the stage, surrounded by Lelio and the Students. Beatrice on the right, sends him a last kiss; Orlando on the left, forms a group with Tromboli and Frisca. The other characters are diversely grouped.) Tableau.

THE END.











